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# FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

PHOTO BY CARL G. KARSC

Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

# Getting Off The Nuclear Cross

ACCORDING TO one of our more intellectual friends, this century has produced two great ideas. First, and most famous, "nonviolence," conceived by Mohandas K. Gandhi as a way of India's obtaining independence from Britain. Second, and of no lesser importance, "surrender," perceived by Bill W. and other founders of Alcoholics Anonymous as the first and fundamental step in recovery from addiction. Put into practice, both ideas "worked" so well, were so effective, that they have gone on exerting influence far beyond the areas of their original concern.

Both ideas — which must at first have seemed much more paradoxical than they do now — go against the handed-down perceptions of society. In the observance of both, the individual self is regarded as an obstacle if not a dangerous threat to the furtherance of the goals desired. Indeed, if the individual self is allowed to assert its ancient claim on the world and everything in it, neither "nonviolence" nor "surrender" is able to work.

Rather than to the individual, both ideas give precedence to the group — to "principles rather than personalities." According to the values of each, the individual finds himself in jeopardy when he finds himself placing self above others. Service to others — the outward expression of an inner attitude toward our fellow beings — becomes not just the ideal but the day-by-day norm by which the individual functions healthily and usefully. Since paradox is inherent in the ideas involved, it probably is not surprising that this sacrifice of self to higher powers sometimes creates selves more remarkable than any we have met elsewhere — a mother, a father, a brother, a friend, a wife, a lover, individuals whom we love for being lovable more than we do the saintly for being perfect. About the saint, there is, without a doubt, something egocentric, unconnected, either withheld or cold. Although we would like to emulate him if we could, the salvationist — the man out to save his own soul — can be scarey. We could all become scarey in the same way unless we make certain that our sensitivity toward ourselves is at least matched by our sensitivity about others.

Fellowship in Prayer was founded, in 1949, out of sensitivity to the needs of others — those people frightened at the time by the debate raging and the fear spreading over the threat of the atomic bomb. "Prayer is the answer," said our first ad. Thus, right from the beginning, it was a fellowship of individuals coming together in search of an answer to shared terror and despair. In 1982 it is no different. The fear goes on spreading, though at deeper, less conscious levels, while the debate is muted now that the facts have grown almost too painful to hear. Read *(on page 10)* our interview with the director of the Coalition For Nuclear Disarmament and appreciate a young minister devoted not to the saving of his own soul but the survival of mankind. — P.G.

# THE ESOTERIC JESUS

## Legends about His travels to the East

by ANGELO JOHN LEWIS

THERE ARE SEVERAL legends about the travels of Jesus to the Far East.

Some of these legends are the products of dreamers, visionaries, or psychics. Others, such as the Kashmir and Japanese legends, offer tombs and historical documents by way of substance. In my view, they illustrate the universality of the story of Jesus, a saga which holds meaning for all mankind.

### Edgar Cayce's Jesus

THE WORLD-RENOWNED PSYCHIC and clairvoyant Edgar Cayce was a fundamentalist Christian Sunday school teacher who taught from the Gospels on Sunday, but told of the esoteric Jesus during many psychic readings. Cayce said Jesus was brought up under the influence of the Essenes, the pre-Christian sect which some claim authored the Dead Sea Scroll materials. According to Cayce, the Essenes' purpose was to prepare their bodies to be channels so that the Messiah might be born in their midst: "Following this expectancy, there was the betrothal (of Mary and Joseph), and the birth of the Son who was to be especially endowed with the abilities which were to bring an awakening to the people."

In Jesus' sixteenth year, Cayce relates, Judy — an Essene woman who was to be associated with Jesus through much of his life — sent Jesus to India to receive teachings relating to "those cleansings of the body" that were part of the physical and also mental preparations of the Essenes.

Cayce says Jesus also traveled to Persia, where he learned "teachings given by Zu and Ra," and to Egypt, where he and another Essene named John "both became initiates in the pyramid or temple." In the Egyptian temple of Hilleopolis, Jesus took a series of tests by which one "attained to that place of being accepted or rejected by the influence of the mystics." From Hilleopolis, Cayce says, Jesus went to Judea to begin his formal ministry.

### The Aquarian Gospel

LEVI H. DOWLING, the author or psychic channel of *The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ,* was — like Cayce — a preacher-turned-clairvoyant. His tale begins when an Indian youth is entranced by Jesus' teaching and invites him to India to study the wisdom of the Brahmans. In India, Jesus learned the Hindu art of healing and became the pupil of Udraka, "greatest of the Hindu healers. Udraka taught the uses of the

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waters, plants, and earths, of heat and cold, sunshine and shade, of light and dark. He said, 'The laws of nature are the laws of health, and he who lives according to these laws is never sick."'

Then, Dowling says, Jesus began to teach in India and angered the priests with the doctrine of human equality and his repudiation of the caste system. The priests drove him out of India to Nepal, where "the priests of Buddha opened wide their temple doors for him." From Nepal Jesus traveled to Tibet and western India. In Tibet, he met Meng-ste, "the greatest sage of all the further East, who aided him in reading ancient sacred manuscripts." From the Himalayas Jesus journeyed to Ladakh and lived in the monastery of Lew before returning home via Persia, Babylon, and Greece.

**The Kashmir Hypothesis**

ALEX JACK, in an article published in *East-West Journal* in 1978, relates Faber-Kaiser's hypothesis that Jesus, surviving the crucifixion, traveled east under a surname, and settled in Kashmir. A community of Jews in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, today still guards a crypt in the Khanyar district, where they believe Jesus was buried.

Jack interviewed Sahibzada Basharat Saleem, a community leader, who claimed direct descent from Yuz Asaf (which was Jesus' alias). At the Rozabal, Jesus's tomb, the custodian presented an affidavit signed in 1766 by the muftis of Srinagar which stated that Yuz Asaf "was a royal prince who renounced all worldly claims and became a legislator. He used to spend his nights and days in prayer and passed long periods of solitary meditation."

According to Jack, this theory is most widely known in connection with the Ahmadiya sect of Islam, an early nineteenth-century movement. Many Muslims believe Jesus was a prophet in a line that culminated with Mohammed. The Qu'ran partially supports this belief. "They did not kill him, they did not crucify him," it says (155-57), "it only seemed to them to be so."

**The Legend of Jesus in Japan**

PERHAPS THE MOST INTRIGUING of these sagas is related in *The Silent Traveler in Japan* by Chiang Yee. In 1935, a Japanese named Hiromaro Takeuchi discovered some documents near Lake Towada in Japan. These documents say that Jesus' brother Isukiri took Jesus' place on the cross, thus allowing Jesus and a group of followers to travel to Japan. There he took the name of Torai Taro Daitenkum, married a Japanese woman named Yumiko, and fathered three daughters, and lived to extreme old age. In the northern-most part of Japan there are two tombs, Jesus supposedly in the one at right, his brother on the left. The Takeuchi Documents, which were hidden for many years (and destroyed, according to Yee, by American bombs in 1945), supposedly consisted of pictorial alphabets from which evolved other languages. Not only Jesus, but Moses and Lao Tzu were believed to have gone there for spiritual instruction by the Sumela-Mokotos, or world leaders.

# Let Go

*(Matthew 14:22-31 / 17:14-21 / Romans 1:16-17)*

by TOM BAKER

A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER – 4,000 feet up the side of Mt Everest — suddenly slips. In a last-ditch effort to save himself, he grabs for a small tree protruding from the rocks and hangs on precariously. Not usually a religious man, he decides this might be a good time to try prayer. Frantically clutching the tree, he turns his head toward the heavens and says: "God, if you're up there, save me! I'll do anything you say."

After a moment of silence, a voice booms from above: "Do you have complete faith in me?"

The climber replies: "Oh yes, I do. I'll do anything you say."

God then says: "Take one of your hands off the tree."

The climber is amazed, gives it some thought, and then quite reluctantly lets go with one hand. He says: "Okay, God. I showed you I had faith. Now please save me."

God then says again: "Do you have complete faith in me?"

The climber responds, "Well, yes, I do, but it's getting a bit difficult hanging on with one hand."

There is a moment of silence. Then God says: "If you really have faith, let go with the other hand."

The climber looks up incredulously and says: "What?"

God repeats: "Let go with the other hand!"

After a moment of thought, the climber looks skywards and says, "Ah, excuse me, God. Is there anyone else up there I could talk with?"

This story contains no great theological weight, but it does illumine the problem many of us have with faith — the difficulty of turning our lives and our wills over to the care of God with complete abandon and trust. The word "faith" appears countless times in the Old Testament and the New Testament, and its meaning is broad. For now, I would like to look at faith as Paul so often does: as the complete willingness to turn from reliance upon our own strength, our *own* egos, our *own* concepts of justice, and rely upon the will of God.

Were God something visible or tangible, the task would not be so hard. In the story I have just told, if God had appeared as a giant hand descending from the sky, the mountain-climber would probably have let go without question. But in the story — as so often in life — God is but an intangible voice, or vision, or dream, or feeling, saying, "Let go. Have faith."

You may say: "Well, this may be so for other, more mystical religions, but we Christians pin our beliefs on a concrete, historical fact: the incarnation of God in Jesus the Christ."

The answer to that from non-believers is now the same as it was in the

time of Paul: "How do you *know* Jesus was who He said he was? Where is the concrete, empirical proof?" The answer is that there is none. The Christian's knowledge of Christ is grounded solely in faith which transcends any concrete event. Those who look for concrete miracles and "signs" for proof will be sorely disappointed. Those who put their trust and faith in the power of the unseen God will experience miracles of transformation in their own lives beyond their wildest imagination.

I would hazard a guess that nowhere is the miraculous and transforming power of faith more evident than in the lives of those recovering alcholics and addicts who are in the fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous. AA is grounded in the belief that no one who is enslaved to alcohol or drugs can ever experience a modicum of happiness or peace as long as he relies on his *own* resources. This is not a belief arrived at casually. Virtually everyone in AA has spent years in a kind of "hell on earth," trying vainly to free himself from the power of alcohol or drugs, only to find that the harder he tries — the more "willpower" is relied upon — the sicker and more hellish becomes his existence. In AA the recovering alcoholic is constantly admonished to "turn it over" — to ask God for help both in removing the obsession to drink or use drugs and in reconstructing a shattered life. Those in AA with any length of sobriety will tell you it was not their willpower which got them sober or enabled them to lead loving and productive lives: it was their willingness to turn their illnesses and their lives over to God with complete abandon. They will also tell you that many of them have tried to "hold on with one hand," only to find themselves trapped inside the bottle once again.

Recovering alcoholics and addicts sometimes "slip," or return to drinking or drug-use for brief or long periods of time. I recently had one such "slipper" as a patient. He had been in rehabs sixteen times. I asked him what seemed to go wrong, and he said: "Every time I got out of a hospital, I'd be doing fine. I'd turn my life over to God, and things would be incredibly good. But then I'd get kind of cocky and think I could run the show again. I'd tell God I was better and ready to run my life again — and, boom, all of a sudden I'd be drunk and totally out of control again!"

As a Christian, it didn't take me much to hear in this man's story a symbolic recapitulation of the Biblical concept of man: since Adam and Eve, history has been a story of man's vacillation between reliance on the love and power of Almighty God and man's vain attempts to take back control. Surely this is Paul's message: to be alive in Christ is to live in faithful obedience to God's will.

We do not live in a time when this sort of unconditional faith in God is popular. We have the secular religion of the humanist — the "best" people and the human-potential movement, which seems almost to proclaim the deity of man and tell us that were we just to rely upon our natural goodness, all the world's evils would vanish.

As a nation, we have so little faith that we have armed ourselves with enough nuclear weapons to destroy civilization several times over. We pray to God to keep us out of war, but, just in case, we continue to build more bombs

so that if God does not hear us, we can do things our own way.

How, then, in this secular, materialistic age, does one go about the business of "having faith"? There are numerous ways. But I, personally, have found very helpful the ideas of the Danish theologian-philosopher Soren Kierkegaard. Kierkegaard led a tortured life — a fact which may have made him very popular in the '60's when it was quite stylish to lead a tortured life. He was a clergyman constantly plagued by doubt and disbelief. He railed against the corruption of the church in his day, and in so doing found he had nearly destroyed his own faith. He spent years trying to prove through logic or some material way the existence of the God in whom he so desperately wished to believe. At a crucial point in his life, he arrived at an idea which he expressed in a symbolic story. Taking some liberties with the image he painted, it goes like this:

*Picture yourself running across a hot, dusty plain with a monster running after you in close pursuit. He is getting closer. He is so close that you can almost feel his fiery breath on your back. Suddenly, the plain breaks just in front of you and you are aware that you are nearing the edge of a cliff enshrouded in fog. Now the chase is nearly over, and, in the twinkling of an eye, your options appear before you. You can turn and fight and face certain destruction. Or you can stand on the edge of the cliff and leap into the fog. You have been told all your life that when you come to this situation, you should jump, since a pair of loving hands will be waiting just out of sight in the fog. They will catch you and gently cradle you to safety. But now, standing on the brink, you cannot know for sure if they are there. There is no way to know without actually taking the leap . . . .*

Here, then, is faith — to leap without knowing, to trust in God's power, love, and mercy without looking for "signs" or concrete reassurances. A symbolic story without much practical relevance? Perhaps. But there are those who have run before the monsters: grief over the loss of a loved one, divorce, depression and mental illness, loss of a good job, alcoholism, addiction, and a myriad others. They too have had to decide to stay and fight or to take the leap of faith. There is no better model for turning our will and our lives over to the care of God — for this "letting go" — than that provided by our Lord when, facing death, he prayed, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Scripture points out that even those closest to Jesus suffered from a lack of faith at times. Peter, seeing Jesus walk on the water, responds to his master's call with complete abandon, jumps over the side of the boat, and amazingly finds himself able to walk on the water too. But then his faith flags, his human nature takes over, and he starts to sink. Similarly, the disciples question Jesus as to why they are not always able to heal the sick, and He replies that their occasional failures can only be attributed to their occasional lack of faith. We should not feel badly, therefore, if we also have our occasional lapses either because we succumb to the materialism of our age and doubt the power of the immaterial God or because we do what the relapsing alcoholic does — believe that we can run our own lives solely on the basis of self-reliance.

PRAYER by CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

## Raja-Yoga, According to Swami Vivekananda

IT declares that each man is only a conduit for the infinite ocean of knowledge and power that lies beyond mankind. It teaches that desires and wants are in man, that the power of supply is also in man; and that wherever and whenever a desire, a want, a prayer has been fulfilled, it was out of this infinite magazine that the supply came, and not from any supernatural being. The idea of supernatural beings may arouse to a certain extent the power of action in man, but it also brings spiritual decay. It brings dependence; it brings fear; it brings superstition. It degenerates into a horrible belief in the natural weakness of man. There is no supernatural, says the Yogi, but there are in nature gross manifestations and subtle manifestations. The subtle are the causes, the gross the effects. The gross can be easily perceived by the senses; not so the subtle. The practice of Raja-Yoga will lead to the acquisition of the more subtle perceptions.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REVEREND ROBERT MOORE
by ANN WOOLFOLK

# The Nuclear Cross

**Bob:** There are actually a very small number of people directly involved in the decision to use nuclear weapons. In the pushing of the button, most of us will be innocent.

What bothers me is that I don't think anyone can choose to make that decision because by all rights we are only the custodians of the future. How can we make this decision for the generations to come? The Creation story and Genesis tell us that we are to be caretakers of the earth, and that implies preserving it for the future. Instead, we are threatening to destroy it in a very short amount of time and render it into radioactive ash.

**FIP:** Can we really do that?

**Bob:** None of us really knows. The most conservative estimates — from our National Security Council — say about 160 million Americans and 110 million Soviet citizens would die in the near term, meaning within a few months.

**FIP:** Is that limited nuclear war?

**Bob:** I don't think there is any such animal as limited nuclear war. It's a theory. They have their theories up there in their think-tanks and ivory towers. Most people, just by using their own common sense, realize that once the first nuclear weapon is exploded there's no reason to expect it won't be responded to in like kind.

Actually, it is our nation that has repeatedly threatened to make first use of it. And it's our nation which has had its own all-out nuclear war and used its total nuclear capacity in the last war. At that time, it wasn't even necessary, and we used it anyway, without the provocation we would have now. It's absurd to think we wouldn't use it, knowing who and what we are. In our fear and terror, we'd throw everything we had at the other side. Nikita

31-year-old Robert Moore of the United Church of Christ devotes fulltime ministry to the Coalition For Nuclear Disarmament.

Khrushchev once said that in the event of war between the Soviet Union and the United States neither side could be expected to concede defeat until they had used their entire arsenal. And we have decided not to protect our citizens. Even the digging that's going on in China and the Soviet Union is pretty imaginary in terms of the actual survivability of their citizens. It will make very little difference. From everything I know, the living will envy the dead.

**FIP:** How did you personally become involved in this?

**Bob:** As an undergraduate in college, I became sensitized to the problem of world hunger and, along with that, to the issue of the war in Southeast Asia. We were spending a million dollars a minute — and that is a theft from those who hunger. Someone who was not exactly a wide-eyed radical, Dwight D. Eisenhower, said that.

There is absolutely no justification to continue along this course, even from a selfish perspective. It seems to be a way of saying this is how we control — with a sword. The world is in such chaos morally, though, that it isn't a control, really. It kind of grandstands, gives the impression that things can be controlled.

This has been one of the issues that has led to the policy of flexible response — so-called limited nuclear war. Our military people, and the military people in the Soviet Union as well, have been frustrated by the unusability of these weapons. If there's anything that history teaches us, it's that once a weapon is developed, there is strong pressure to use it. Every weapons-system in history has eventually been used.

During the first two decades of the nuclear-arms race, there was this policy that it was unthinkable to use them because the civilian populations on both sides were targeted and would be totally devastated in a nuclear exchange. So therefore it was too horrible to contemplate. This was the balance of terror. But then the military people weren't satisfied with a stalemate of the sort — they wanted a way in which they could use these weapons to their military and political advantage. That was when the doctrine of flexible response evolved. It was formally announced first by the Secretary of Defense in 1974.

**FIP:** I guess in some sense it's a death-wish.

**Bob:** We never had the technology to support such a policy before. There have always been wars. And wars have always grown progressively more destructive. If you look at the wars during the last forty or fifty years, you'll see the number of civilians killed in each has steadily increased until the casualties in Southeast Asia were ninety per cent civilian. World War II, of course, was when indiscriminate mass destruction was perfected — first in the fire-bombings of Dresden and Tokyo and so on to Hiroshima.

**FIP:** How can people come to an awareness of this? Can the churches be effective in bringing it about? How can we get people to realize it's a question

of their own survival?

**Bob:** Let me say first that I think the overriding issue has to be that of being faithful. To be faithful to our calling to the church and the body of Christ means certain things in terms of peacemaking. Ministry is the mission of peacemaking and the following after the Prince of Peace. I think the churches are being forced by this new technology to go back to peacemaking — to place their priority on it. That's a very very hopeful sign. Presbyterians have made it their top priority, so has the United Church of Christ, of which I am a member, and the Unitarians and now an increasing number of Roman Catholics.

There are three basic positions that Christians have taken toward war. One is that of "the holy war," which was what the Crusades were based on. The second is that of "the just war." And the third is pacifism. Everything else is a shade of one of these three.

I'm a pacifist myself. A Christian pacifist. For the first three centuries, virtually all Christians were pacifists — there were no Christian teachings or writings that took any other position. It was really a part of the falling away of the church that this position was dropped and it became acceptable for Christians to enlist in the military.

You ask yourself how realistic this is. Are you going to just lie down and become a doormat for other people to walk on? Yet this wasn't a question for Jesus of Nazareth. He trusted in a God of history who ultimately vindicated him. His was the way of the Cross. He was willing to suffer rather than inflict suffering on others.

**FIP:** Even though you are a pacifist, do you really know what you'd do in the ultimate moment?

**Bob:** None of us does. A lot of the time, you react by instincts. But, you hope. We use the New Testament phrase — "taking on the mind of Christ." Or "letting Christ dwell within your heart." You hope that as you interact with scripture and your community of faith, the more and more the mind of Christ becomes a part of you and that therefore your instincts are going to be Christ-like.

To me, this is not the central question. It's a fairly peripheral one at the moment. I prefer not to argue with people about pacifism versus "just war" because it's an irrelevant distinction in the nuclear age. When I go out and talk with church groups, I advocate a position of nuclear pacifism — which is to say that there are absolutely no circumstances, from a Christian theological and ethical perspective, under which the use of nuclear weapons can be justified.

And, to take that even a step farther, what you feel in your heart is a very important thing. Jesus taught that if you feel hatred toward your brother, it's as bad as murdering him.

I don't go along with that. I believe we're not perfect, not by a long shot

— we're torn between the divine and the deep. I have felt hatred in my heart and then repented again and again. It's the result of being part spiritual and part animal. I wish I could say it weren't true, but for all of us there are downfalls.

I want to make a very clear distinction here. People often get trapped into these things of "What if somebody came in with a shotgun and aimed it at your grandmother?" These are theoretical constructs that really have nothing to do with the very hard and grim and terrifying reality of 50,000 nuclear weapons poised in their siloes right now ready to go off. Right now there is absolutely no justification from any religious standpoint, be it Buddhist, Christian, or whatever, for the use of weapons of mass destruction.

From a Christian standpoint, human life is instrinsically valuable and precious. God affirms and reaffirms it over and over throughout scripture, throughout church history. From the very moment we were created, He said we were created in His image, and He pronounced his creation good, very good. Scripture takes a high view of the value of human life. This value, of course, gets its ultimate affirmation from Jesus' dying for us. That is how much God loves us and cares for us. Christianity is a very incarnational, a very earth kind of religion, and that's one of the things I love about it. Our humanness, in and of itself, is enough of a reason to resist nuclear weapons in every possible non-violent way.

To think of the animal and the spiritual in us as separate is impossible. It's an artificial dichotomy. Unfortunately, a large part of Christianity and the churches in this country have been caught up in it for years.

If you go back to the way of thinking of Jesus of Nazareth, and the way of thought of the Hebrew people, separating the spiritual and the physical is unthinkable. They are one whole. When the word "soul" is translated from the Hebrew, it means the totality of an individual — the physical, the spiritual, and the mental. To the Hebrew people there was a wholeness to all aspects of life, including our relationships. You could not talk about your relationship to God without also talking about your relationship to your fellow human beings.

No matter what angle you approach this from, you end up in the position of total opposition to nuclear weapons. And yet there is chaos and confusion. From a strictly spiritual point of view, there is confusion in our being called to be one world-wide body of Christ in the Christian church and of its having been a Catholic pilot who had been blessed by a Catholic priest to go and bomb the biggest Catholic city in Japan, namely, Nagasaki.

I think in terms of hell on earth. If you read the descriptions of what happened in Nagasaki and Hiroshima, the people who were there repeatedly use that image — that this was hell on earth for them. And I think it was. The fire consumes you, and it's horrendous. You can't read any of the accounts without getting choked up about it.

They also thought it might have been the end of the world. The whole world, that is. That's another aspect. I have been to Japan myself and seen the suffering that, even today, continues from those monstrous weapons. I

*(continued on page 61)*

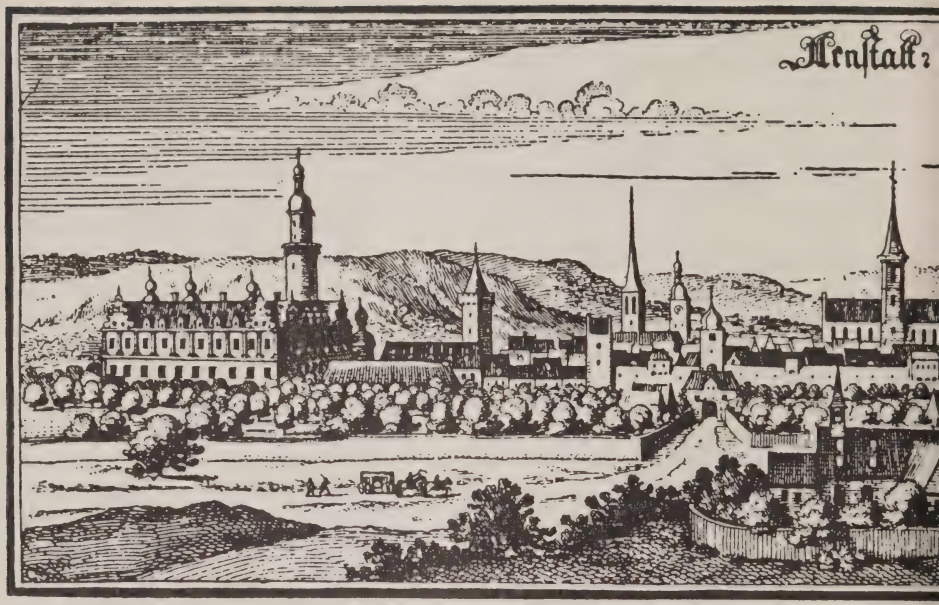
# Pockets Of Ice

by DAVID KELLER

Childhood is a dream I confused
with winter, it was so quiet. Sometimes
on the way home from school I stopped
for each brush pile or log blocking the stream
to crunch the pockets of ice
like sheets of the white glass from lightbulbs.
At night, the blankets pulled up to my ears,
the sheets expanded to become walls, a cave,
slightly warm from the others there.
Inside it, the light was soft as a day of snow.

The warm weather reminds you of the time
your mother dragged you into the empty yard,
holding you fast with one arm,
and cut off your hair. It was to stop
the measles, she said. Afraid of being hurt,
of the beauty lost and no one to save you,
how you must have screamed.

I don't know what comfort to offer.
Each year before winter I promise myself long walks
in the snow, watching the bare strong trees.
But the air is so silent. It frightens me
when the leaves are absent. Between the farthest horizon
and myself is nothing but imagination.
At the end of one winter I borrowed a boat
to watch the ice split open and the lake
was filled with thin shapes
the spring wind had carved, all jingling
together in the water. I wanted so many I'd be rich.



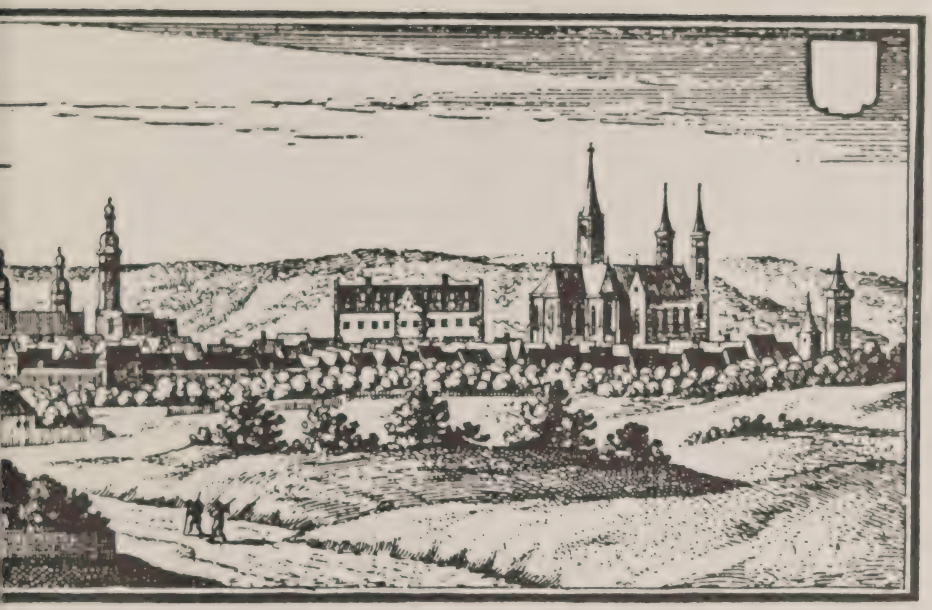

# A Musical Offering : Th

by JOHN S.D. GLAUS

THE MEETING took place in Cothen in 1720; on which day or month of the year is not known, we may assume winter, for it was cold. Anna Magdalena Wulken was, at the moment of their first encounter, either sixteen or seventeen as we choose.

She was young, impressionable, arriving from a long walk with her parents, and happened to be passing in front of Saint Catherine's Church. Feeling the necessity of some small amount of warmth to stave off the biting winds and to commune with God, she pushed open the doors of the church and peered in. The somber majesty of the church was enhanced by the absence of people. She retired to a pew, knelt, and prayed. But of the solitude, cold, and shadows nothing existed. Somewhere above her, from the vaults of the church a divine and celestial music rolled and enveloped every corner. Warmth and light were omnipresent. The organ, situated in the west gallery, poured forth a profusion of notes never before heard by Anna Magdalena. She was amazed, she was overwhelmed by the singularity of the sounds and mellifluous harmonies which abounded. Could she be in the presence of something divine? Could it be an archangel? Only the feet of an archangel could move so swiftly up and down the pedals.

Suddenly the music stopped; the decrescendo reverberated its dying notes down the vast aisle, the echoes ceased. What emerged from the shadows



# Life of Johann S Bach

at the top of the narrow staircase leading to the organ was hardly what one might call an archangel. What appeared was, if anything, its antithesis. The musical genius and predominant passions were housed in a corpulence of magnificent proportions. The physical mould was ridiculous. A large figure. extraordinarily rotund met her eye; surmounted by a top-heavy head, encased by a powdered wig, with a button-like nose, planted amid a vast expanse of cheek and ear, and chin upon chin rolling downward. Having witnessed the sight, Anna Magdalena seized with mild terror at the apparition and, no longer able to contain herself, fled from the church.

Those were times when a young woman and a middle-aged man did not meet unless under the most auspicious and prevailing circumstances. To have done otherwise was to incur innuendo of the most insinuating kind, even if the meeting were to transpire in a church. So she fled, but inscribed upon her mind was the appearance of an archangel disguised in human trappings. This brief, yet indelibly imprinted meeting was a premonition of things to come.

To say that this archangel was the only salient feature of 18th-century music is polite but unfortunately inaccurate. In that German musical society of prepotent personages, of which Handel, Pachelbel, Bohm, Buxtehude, and Reinken were the most significant others, he did more than hold his own and managed to carve more than a large slice of musical history. With the

accumulated energy of a lifetime, he demonstrated with great competency and vigor his ability to create a new brand of polyphonic composition theretofor unheard of. What is however baffling to our imaginations and perplexing to our intelligence is the turmoil and upset caused by this person's intentions. How long we had to wait until Mendelssohn's investigations nearly one hundred and fifty years ago reversed the judgment of this person's immediate posterity and brought once again the brilliance of his creations to the light of day.

During the 17th and 18th centuries, the organists of Germany flowered and their mastery of the "king of instruments" flourished. No interpretative art can boast a more majestic and continuous tradition than German organ playing. However, this archangel's genius is not magnificent because there is no foil to contrast it, it is more magnificent because the foil was created by an abundance of genius. But there is something more. When in his presence it is impossible not to feel a hint of the divine, of mystery, of strange melancholy, of great piety — suggestions of enigmatic powers transcendent of human enterprise — of some gift divinely given and gratefully received, only to be given again transcribed in musical form for the benefit of those on earth.

This archangel's name was Johann Sebastian Bach. He was born on March 21, 1685, at Eisenach, the capital of the tiny duchy of Saxe-Eisenach, and was only one of the children of a musically oriented family. From Veit Bach the progenitor, great great grandfather, baker and millwright, "whose zither must have sounded pretty among the clattering of the millwheels," to composers, organists, violin, and harpsichord makers, the Bach family represented the full line of musical knowledge. To have issued from such a history only aided him in his decision to pursue the established tradition. The imprint of such a genealogy had significantly marked Bach's mind and future by the time he had reached ten years of age and the first tribulative experience occurred: the loss of both his parents. Johann Christoph, Bach's older brother, making no exception to the proliferation of musical talent in the family, was the organist at Ohrdruf and acted as surrogate parent to Johann Sebastian after their parents' death. But what is of greater consequence than the passing of his parents, is that the religious focus of all of Bach's formal education deeply impressed him. Theology was the primary emphasis of education in the age of Faith and Bach's attitude towards it holds the key to his religious and spiritual inclinations, his conception of all cultural endeavors, and above all his music. Bach's music and Lutheran faith were to prove, on many occasions, to be the only substantial diet to sustain him due to the penurious nature of his employers.

Bach found it difficult to subject himself to the domesticity of his brother's household, and one rule particularly irked him. For reasons known only to himself, Johann Christoph had prohibited his younger brother access to a collection of works by Pachelbel. The simple observance of this rule was not within the artistic temperament or ambition of this unruly young man. He simply waived the rule and subtracted the works with great stealth in the dead of night and copied them. Thus the incipience of ardous labor by candlelight

which eventually cost Johann Sebastian his eyesight.

It was not by circumstance or animosity which prompted Bach to leave his brother at the age of fifteen, but rather a pre-eminent concern for his music. His life after this age begins to read like an itinerary, Luneburg . . . Weimar . . . Arnstadt. It is at Arnstadt that the peregrinations cease, at least temporarily. In Arnstadt, a small town in the Thuringian countryside, the ears of the good burghers are pricked by the sounds of this young man of eighteen, who being offered, accepted the position of organist and choirmaster. In this bucolic setting, a haven where he expected to improve his musical credibility, he was plagued by having to teach the tone deaf choir to sing. Irascible and vocal concerning the demands made on him and soon out of favor with the authorities of the church who attempted to impose their tastes in music, he obtained a leave of absence to study under Buxtehude in Lubeck, where the great master received the most renowned musical contemporaries.

Time passed in the presence of Buxtehude's wonderful cantatas and *abenmusiken*, and Lubeck's organ was certainly different from the one in Arnstadt. Buxtehude had taken note of this young man's talent. He appeared so inspired and so gifted. Yet there was more. In the back of Buxtehude's mind was an unmarried daughter. If only Johann Sebastian could be made to realize the importance of such a betrothal, the envied position as Lubeck's organmaster would eventually be his. Bach considered. Bach refused. After the polite refusal, a certain disparity of opinion widened the gap of understanding between master and pupil. Bach left the pipes and pedals of Lubeck and returned to Arnstadt. Upon his return, the Arnstaders, who were used to the most unadulterated and plain notes had their staid and stagnant ears violated by unchurchly arabesques and musical pyrotechnics of the most unconventional kind. They were literally struck dumb by the sounds which issued from their organ. For Bach disaster came thick upon disaster. He was reprimanded for having extended his stay in Lubeck without their permission, reproached for the incontinence of his anger against those pupils who neglected their lessons, and the short work he made of those whom he found ignorant. But worst of all was the distinct displeasure of their organist's new musical predilections. After this stinging altercation nothing was of greater import to Bach than to terminate this most uncongenial employment. So he did, and so he left for Mulhausen.

Alone with the simple complexion of his own nature, Bach went to Mulhausen and secured the position of organmaster at the Blasiuskirche. Although the stipend he received was no greater than the one at Arnstadt, the position he assumed was in his eyes a promotion up the musical ladder as his predecessor had been a man of some distinction. Now ensconced with the security of position and minor prestige and feeling the pangs of loneliness, he sought out his cousin, Maria Barbara Bach and took her hand in matrimony. Upon her, in the years to come, he would spread the blessing of his love and the proficiency of his fatherhood by having a considerable number of children.

Yet this geographic change — which he had hoped would relieve the petty protests and scant ceremony of his previous position — was not sufficient in the eradication of the problems. The same problems as in Arnstadt now beseiged him in Mulhausen. He was now, as then, roundly accused of secularizing the cantatas and profaning the hymns with frivolity. His employers attempted to erode his confidence by bearing down unmercifully, but this did not provide the desired results. For Bach had long been subject to a path of life which had to this moment been chosen and one on which he would remain unaltered for the rest of his life. With solemn duty and the perfect knowledge of his correctness, he welcomed the inevitable denouement of another fight. But Bach was not entirely responsible for the problems, at least not directly. There had arisen a conflict — in that universe of serried faiths — between the orthodox Lutherans, who wanted the music just the way it was on the one hand; and the Pietists, who did not want any music at all on the other. Bach curtailed his temper, and remained the dispassionate bystander in the heat of the conflict, even though he was not one to shuffle off into the mist of his own indifference. His thoughts and words were emphatically his own and the result was his own brand of music. But the gazes from both camps were, if anything, ambiguous. They looked at him as one who looks upon someone removed from ordinary duties; some said a monument, others a menace; some contemptuous, some stared in awe somehow aware of a presence that generated respect. While the mutterings of the scandalous issued from one side, the other sat denying the beauty of the music simply because it did not coincide with their dogmatic fervor.

But Johann Sebastian himself — what was he feeling and doing meanwhile? Bach's vitality and tenacity, despite the pressures, were satisfying themselves in two major ways: the composing of God's music as he heard it and the fostering of a family. Bach was unlike most men, for he possessed the most intense awareness of his condition and existence. How much he needed to be aware of those two great purposes in his life, for not one week passed that he was not dragged through some rigorous dispute caused by the singular obtuseness of his employers. Although only third party to the conflict arising out of the schism between the antagonists, the situation exacerbated the already capricious Bach. Emotionally ill-conditioned by the volatility of his creative inspiration — the angry outbursts of which were prodigious — Bach found through his faith a way to soften this condition by an all-encompassing nobility of spirit. The true motivation of his character, when unmasked by his erratic temper, was inspired by the most genuine compassion for mankind. Although this is common coin in heaven, such nobility can be perplexing to one's contemporaries.

Indigent to the point of having to request continually a revision of his salary and constantly out of favor with his employers, Bach was forced to reconsider his position. Adventitiously a position appeared. The position was one for which he was eminently qualified and one for which he expected that small amount of peace to pursue his destiny as composer, musician, husband, and father. He succeeded in picking up his family and the disparate pieces of

*(continued on page 50)*

# GEORGES ROUAULT 1871 - 1958

THROUGH the deliberate and exacting expression of a conscientious soul, Georges Rouault provided the 20th century with the testimony of a painter's ability to blend religion and art with disturbing yet consummate skill. The natural intensity and emotional quality of his paintings evoke the scrupulous introspection of a man who had no greater ambition in life than "to paint a Christ so moving that those who see Him will be converted." His paintings provoke thoughts of the vacuity of life without faith.

*Christ Mocked*, on the opposite page, was commissioned by Andre Suares — Rouault's friend and spiritual confidant — to illustrate a book entitled *Passion*. The painting, with its bold brushwork and thick paint, is representative of the harsh inner reality of Rouault's soul. The attainment of religious glory and the poem and letter below depict a man profoundly affected by the catholicity of his path and the orthodoxy of his mysticism.

MESSIEURS PEINTRES (16/5/1914)

Andre Suares
having met
the lepered painter,
loved him for his artist's virtues
which others thought were vices.

"He's been fooled,
"He's just a failure",
came the whispers from
the City from those fearful
souls who dared not cry out.

— O! unrepentant poet
blind and deaf from birth
for other men, it is you
who "mystic" be.

My dear Suares, Versailles, 27/5/1914

The miracle in art: that a man of genius can issue from indolence, or that a natural and sensitive *artiste* may be born from a pedant, is something which neither you nor I believe in.

Man's true nature resides in his ability to precipitate a *conversion:* he turns his love towards God, the sensation of which is no less passionate.

The *nothingness of creaturehood* is so vast, the powerlessness of man pitted against man is so profound, so absolute, that only by embracing God is all transformed.

The immense doubt of the *religious mould* often escapes the intellectual mind. This doubt, however, is the real springboard from which a man plunges when his life has become a real desert and the consolation of humans. . . deceitful. — CORRESPONDANCE: *Translation by J.S.D.G.*

CHRIST MOCKED BY SOLDIERS

Painting by Georges Rouault

# HANDS: Photographs

# by Abraham Menashe

# The Elevating Pedestal

## A Story by JAMES RUDY HUMPHREYS

THIS is a true story, and it is a current story. It is taking place today, even now, somewhere in the world. It is a story about Peter, and while it may not be Peter who is living the story today, we all know that the principal character of any story should have a name. So for the purpose of our story we shall call our character Peter.

Peter lives on a pedestal. His pedestal is the "elevating" type, which means that he can raise or lower it to suit his evaluation of himself at any given time. Since Peter's evaluation of himself is always changing, his pedestal is constantly being raised or lowered, depending on how he feels about himself from moment to moment. (Rarely does Peter's pedestal ever stabilize at a certain level for any longer than a few minutes at a time.)

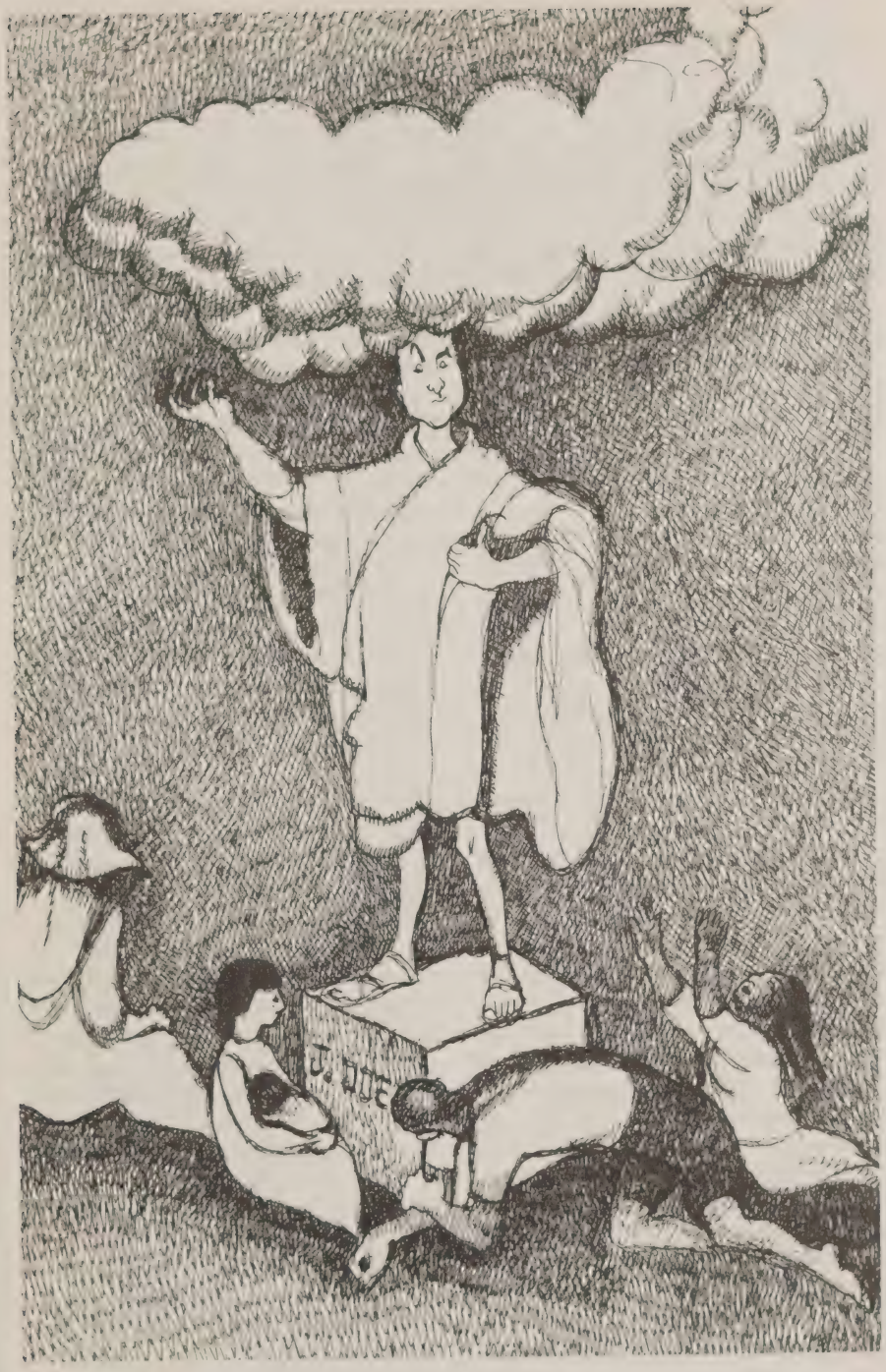
Peter's pedestal has a range that spans from the ground all the way to the clouds, and while it is sometimes at ground level it is more often than not up in the clouds. (That is because Peter has placed a very high evaluation on himself. Much too often he likes to think that he has everything in order, that he himself has all the answers, that he — and he alone — is the final authority on any problem that might arise.)

Occasionally something will happen which makes it necessary that Peter lower his pedestal from the clouds all the way to the ground in one quick action. When this happens, Peter usually discovers that it is good for him. It is good because when he is at ground level Peter sees a lot of people there. Not too many people live up in the clouds. (Although there are a few.)

Often, when Peter is at ground level, he will become involved with some of the people he sees there, but unfortunately this doesn't last long, because soon Peter will elevate his pedestal back into the clouds far, far away from the people below.

On the whole it is Peter himself who has always controlled the mechanism that raises and lowers his pedestal, but there have been times when he had the very distinct impression that Someone else desired to take over and run his pedestal for him. (Peter is very possessive of his pedestal, however, and will usually fight stubbornly to keep control of it.)

The mechanism that operates Peter's pedestal functioned for some thirty-five years without any serious mishaps, but once, not so long ago, the mechanism failed completely and Peter's pedestal crashed to the ground all the way from the clouds. Peter remembers this incident very clearly because when his pedestal hit the ground he fell off the pedestal and struck the ground himself. Surprisingly, this disaster was probably the best thing that ever happened to Peter, because when he landed on the ground he found himself on his knees, and being in that lowly position he seriously questioned his



wisdom at insisting he run his pedestal all the time. When he made an attempt to get back onto his pedestal he discovered, to his amazement, that he could not do so by his own power. He was really in quite a predicament. He was utterly helpless to do anything for himself. What was worse, he feared his pedestal had been broken by the fall. Even if he could get back on the pedestal, he was not sure it would ever operate properly again after the impact of such a fall.

So there he was. Peter's pedestal had crashed to the ground, knocking him to his knees, and he had no idea how he was going to get back to where he had been. He didn't know what to do. Since he was at ground level he thought briefly of calling on some of the people he usually saw there, but on this particular occasion there wasn't another soul to be seen. There were no people around to help him, and Peter knew that he could do nothing for himself. His predicament seemed worse by the minute as he sought a way out. But his condition really appeared quite hopeless.

And then, suddenly, Peter remembered the times when he had felt that someone else desired to run his pedestal for him. Who the Someone was Peter didn't exactly know, but finding himself in a position where he was powerless to help himself he wondered if the someone might be God. (Peter had heard from the people on the ground that God is someone who is always nearby and who will help us with our problems if we ask Him.)

Wanting very much to get back on his pedestal, Peter was desperate and willing to try anything, so he appealed to the Someone, who he truly believed to be God.

"Will you help me . . . please?" Peter asked. "I am willing to do anything if you will help me. If you wish, you can even run my pedestal for me." (And when Peter said this he added," I ask in the name of Jesus.")

And then a real miracle happened, because at the very instant when Peter said these things he suddenly felt very strong. He felt so strong, in fact, that he immediately got back onto his pedestal, and now, today, he is riding it up and down much like always, with the exception that it is no longer Peter who is controlling his pedestal. (Most of the time, that is; every once in a while Peter still fights to run his pedestal, but when this happens he remembers the time when he fell off and God helped him.)

Peter rides his pedestal up and down. He thinks about God, and he remembers what he promised God the time he fell off his pedestal.

Peter is spending less and less time up in the clouds and more and more time down on the ground where the people are.

He rides his pedestal up and down.

Up . . .

. . . down.

And slowly but surely, Peter feels his pedestal beginning to stabilize.

# HEALING
## IN THE NEW AGE
### by DIANA JANI DRUCK

LAST FALL a very special conference took place in Washington, D.C., with a promise of more to come. "Healing in Our Time: An International Symposium on the Healing Process" was sponsored by the Sufi Healing Order, the Light of the Mountains Community, and the American Holistic Medical Institute. In the spirit of the new holistic age, the symposium featured spiritual leaders, psychic healers, as well as health-care professionals, and scientists. The conference itself was a dramatization of the idea of holism, generally defined as a coming together of the body, mind, emotions, and spirit to form an integrated whole that is independent of and greater than the sum of its parts. It was a weekend for proponents of Eastern mysticism and Western technology to share with each other and with the participants of the conference the various methods they are using to work toward a healthier world.

The speakers at the symposium represented more diversity than similarity in their backgrounds. Some of them heal and teach healing, while others measure and study, but they all agreed upon the basic tenet that the power of "unconventional" healing is real, that it can be used at will and that it can be measured.

Kirlian photography is one way in which the energies emanating from a healer can actually be seen. Dr. Thelma Moss, the leading authority on Kirlian photography and the energy fields of the body, treated the audience to a movie of still and moving Kirlian photos she herself had taken. A Kirlian photo of a hand shows not the hand itself, which appears black, but the energy field around it. This energy field appears as a constantly flickering and flame-like "aura." It is possible to photograph the energy fields around such things as leaves, as well. Dr. Moss has successfully photographed "phantom" auras around leaves which have had sections cut off. In these photos, the energy field of the leaf appears intact, as if the leaf were physically whole.

Another scientist who spoke at the conference has also done work with bioenergy. Dr. Robert Becker, an orthopedic surgeon, conducts research on biological electrical energies in order to provide a scientific understanding of healing energies. His discoveries include the electrical factors in the regeneration of limbs.

Two more scientists presented their work to the symposium. Dr. Elmer Green, a Ph.D in biopsychology has studied Indian yogis in his investigation of mind-body integration and voluntary control of the physiological conditions. He has also done considerable work in the field of biofeedback, focusing now on its relationship with the image-making faculty in establishing and maintaining psychosomatic health. Dr. Hiroshi Motoyama of Japan has reached the heights of both scientific technology and Eastern spirituality. A Japanese scholar and scientist, he is also a Shinto priest, available to members of his shrine for spiritual consultation. His scientific work involves studying extrasensory perception, psychokinesis and developing a diagnostic machine, called the AMI. This machine evaluates the physiologic functions of individual organs by measuring the activity and condition of acupuncture meridians. Motoyama has shown that the acupuncture meridians of the body, used in Chinese medicine, correspond to the seven-chakra system used by Indian meditation masters, rather than to the nervous system, as many Western scientists suspect.

Olga Worrall was one of the more colorful speakers. Known as a psychic healer, this dynamic little old lady, who likes to be called "Auntie Olga," has written books and lectured internationally. She is a Christian minister, and perhaps the most researched healer in the world. She has worked with Drs. Grad, Moss, Motoyama, and Green in their investigations of the gift she says she was simply born with. Ms. Worrall believes a person is either born with the power to heal, or they do not have it. She sees the healer as a channel through which a healing energy works. The healer's own energy, she insists, is not used. The activity of healing leaves her exhilarated. Ms. Worrall believes that if you feel tired after a healing, you are not operating properly as a healer. She gave a history of spiritual healing, focusing particularly on the Christian church. Priests were originally healers, she noted, and every church had its herb garden for use in healing. She told several interesting stories about healings she has done, and of some of the experiments in which she has participated. Perhaps the most interesting stories involved what she calls "absent healing", which is astral traveling to heal someone far away. In one experiment, she was able to affect the growth rate of plants 600 miles away. Another story involved her traveling in her spirit body to a laboratory where the scientist she was working with had set up a cloud chamber, a device for measuring healing energies. Two women she did not know were present in the laboratory at the time. Later, while talking to the scientist on the phone, she mentioned these women. He was, understandably, quite surprised at this further evidence of her powers.

Our first glimpse of Olga Worrall had been that afternoon in a panel discussion. The powers of Ms. Worrall's healing abilities were suggested by the way she made all the panelists and the audience laugh and respond warmly to her anecdotes and grandmotherly charm.

Pir Vilayat Khan cut a powerful and striking figure on the panel. Mr. Khan is the head of the Sufi Order in the West, and founder of the Omega Institute for Holistic Studies. He appeared as a great white lion of a man. His

eyes pierced whatever they touched with an intensity, love, and power rarely seen. Dressed in white, his white hair and beard radiating out from his brown, animated face, he was a living example of his belief that humans are beings of light. He absolutely radiated light for all to see. His lecture earlier that day was about healing with light and sound. The Sufis believe that our light radiates from us and surrounds each of us with an aura, and that we can use this aura to heal others.

Pir Vilayat and Himayat Inayati, a teacher in the Sufi Order of the West and Kefayat of the Sufi Healing Order, both gave lectures on the Sufi way of healing. They taught how the power to heal resides in everyone of us, and that in order to heal and control our healing powers, we must first purify ourselves. The method of purification they teach is through meditation and breathing exercises. The objective of breathing exercises is to breathe in strength, energy, and light, and then, to be able to breathe that out: it is this breath that heals. I attended two workshops given by Himayat Inayati, in which we performed a couple of these exercises. At the end of his lecture, he led a meditation during which the participants were asked to think of people they knew who needed healing in some way and to send out our collective healing energies to them. This meditation produced a vitalizing energy that I believe was felt by all participants.

In the panel discussion which I mentioned above, someone asked how the healer should protect himself from the disease he heals. This became an issue that almost every speaker addressed in one way or another. It was generally agreed that the healer has to purify and strengthen himself or herself in order to resist taking on the diseases of those with whom he or she is working.

The power to heal is within all of us, as is the ability to heal the world. Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, the Swiss-born psychiatrist known for her books on death and dying, spoke of these beliefs in her lecture the opening night of the conference. A warm and vibrant speaker, she employed plain, down-to-earth phrases and anecdotes of the power of death to make us appreciate life. It is through appreciating not only the joys but the difficulties of our lives that we grow strong, and those who have seen "the other side" can appreciate it in a way that many of us cannot. Dr. Kubler-Ross's message to the conference set the theme for the whole weekend:

*Heal yourself and you can heal the world. The power to heal resides in the everyday lives of each of us, waiting to be recognized and used. It begins with unconditional love, which can dispel the negativity that we so often spread around. Negativity is responsible for all the sickness we live with, and negativity is caused by disharmony between our emotional, physical, intellectual, and spiritual functions.*

The goal of her work, the goal she shares with holistic medicine, is to destroy the barriers that exist between these four aspects of ourselves so that they are no longer four separate functions in our minds, and in our lives. When that occurs, then we shall become "the perfect beings which we were born to be."

# Visit to Ellora Caves

## Photo-Essay by WILLIAM STEPHENS

WE WERE A MOTLEY GROUP of forty nine: Parsees, Moslems, Christians, Jews. About half were Indians, a few were Europeans or Australians, the rest were Americans — all of us followers of Meher Baba. Most, including my wife Peggy, our son Roger, and I, had become Baba-lovers after he dropped his body in 1969. One, Eruch Jessalala, had been one of Baba's closest disciples. He guided us to places where Baba had gone, and told us what Baba did and said in those spiritually-charged spots.

Leaving Meherbad at dawn, we boarded a bus and stopped first at a deserted mosque in a millet field where Baba, Eruch, and three companions had spent a night in 1952. Later in the morning, we paused at Toka, on the Godarvi River, where Baba maintained an ashram in the late twenties. In Aurangabad, we stopped to see the Bibi-ka-Muqbara, or "little Taj," a scaled-down replica of the Taj Mahal built about 1660 A.D. by Aurangzeb, Emperor of India, as a tomb for his wife. On the River Kham, we visited the Panchakki ("water mill"), where lovely gardens and a huge banyan tree filled with singing birds overlooked cells in which, according to Baba, a hundred saints once could be found in silent prayer.

On the escarpment above the cave-temples of Ellora, we stopped at Khuldabad ("womb of the saints"), where Eruch showed us Aurangzeb's tomb and some of the 1,400 mosques and shrines to Moslem saints that fill the city. Everywhere we looked, dazzling white mosques and minarets rose against the deep blue sky. Few people were in evidence except for some pilgrims — men in white *pajamas* (a Hindi word which has another meaning in English) and women in silk *saris.*

On top of the highest hill was a tiny cave in which Meher Baba often sat in solitude. Decades earlier, it had been used by Hazrat Sai Baba of Shirdi, who passed on in 1918. The cave overlooks all of Khuldabad and affords a fine view of a magnificent shrine to the Perfect Master Zar Zari Zarbuckt, who lived in the fourteenth century. Zar Zari Zarbuckt, according to Eruch, had been Sai Baba's master.

For me, sitting alone in the tiny cave was an intense and extraordinary experience. I might never have left if Eruch had not called, "*Chello,* Bill! Time to go see Shiva's mountain paradise!"

NOWHERE ELSE on earth has the love of God manifested so uniquely, with such diversity, or on such a scale, as on the Deccan Plateau of India. Here, for millenia, but particularly during the period from about 200 B.C. to 900 A.D., magnificent cave-temples were hollowed out of mountains of stone and

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*The author poses before 200-foot 13th-century tower near Ellora Caves.*

*William Stephens' group of Meher Baba followers enter the great Kailasha*

*cave-temple near Meherabad, where Baba frequently visited to meditate.*

filled with gods, mythological creatures, and cavorting humans. At Ajanta, Ellora, Aurangabad, and other sites, Buddhists, Hindus, and Jains turned the rock cliffs into cathedrals, monasteries, and art galleries where ancient myth and mischief are portrayed in the living rock.

The caves at Ellora contain some of the best examples of ancient sculpture in the world. Thirty-four cave-temples extend a mile and a half down a rugged bluff. The first twelve caves were excavated by Buddhists (300 to 700 A.D.), the next seventeen by Hindus (700 to 1000 A.D.), and the last five by Jains (900 to 1100 A.D.).

For sheer genius and immeasurable industry, Cave Sixteen, the famous Kailasha — "Shiva's Abode of Bliss" — stands alone. Untold thousands of architects, sculptors, and artisans labored for two centuries to excavate and carve this huge monument. Unlike the other temples at Ellora, Kailasha is not actually a cave. Its excavators, instead of burrowing into the bluff, started at the top and worked down, hollowing out an area twice the size of the Parthenon. All parts of the enormous complex — the gateway, courtyard, assembly hall, sanctuary, towers, overhead bridge, corridors, staircases, and life-size elephants — were carved *in situ* from a single block of stone as high as a ten-story building. Nothing was brought in except the workers and the tools, primarily chisels.

We visited the Ellora caves with some of the *mandali* (close disciples) of Meher Baba, whose *samadhi* at Meherbad is only two hours away by car. Meher Baba spent a great deal of time in and around Ellora, frequently traveling incognito to avoid the crowds that besieged him if he were recognized. Baba often distributed food, money, or cloth to the poor, bathed the feet of the lepers, and contacted *masts* — those God-intoxicated souls whom Baba loved so much and around whom so much of his work was centered.

FROM KHULDABAD, the road wound down the steep lava slopes. Here and there were *neem* trees, cactuses, and thorn bushes. Far way, a dog or jackal barked. A brilliant green bird, a bee-eater, flew across the road in front of us.

The hill on our right grew steeper, and I saw my first cave-temple — a dark horizontal cleft with columns spaced along the opening. It looked like a monstrous mouth with bared teeth. Another cave nearby resembled the entrance to a railway tunnel. Then we passed caves which were more elaborate, with porticos and second-floor balconies. Guides and concessionaires stood outside some of them. At the entrance to a three-story Buddhist monastery, two men held up large aluminum sheets to reflect sunlight into the dark interior for the benefit of visitors. Above the entrance, a troop of long-tailed monkeys sat immobile as though they, too, were carved of stone.

We came to a large parking lot where a few cars and a bus stood next to a clump of trees. While we paused in the shade, a vendor held up oranges and called: *"Narangi, narangi! Aki aki narangi!"* Roger bought a couple, and we ate them before following the group across the large pavilion of stone outside the Kailasha.

*Kailasha, most remarkable of cave-temples, was built during eighth century.*

According to my guidebook, the Kailasha attracts more visitors than any place in India except the Taj Mahal. After crossing the courtyard, I wandered away on my own. Inside the vestibule, I paid my respects to the Goddess of Wealth. Then I paused at a representation of the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna Rivers. By bowing here, the guidebook said, I symbolically took a bath at that holiest of places. Now purified, I could approach the Lord Shiva.

In the center of the complex, surrounded by five chapels, was the shrine of the lingam. Nandi the bull stood outside, facing the entrance. In the middle of the shrine a huge lingam rose from the encircling lips of a *yoni*. No sound came through the stone walls from the outside. I was alone in the middle of a mountain. It was strange, I thought, that these ancient symbols of sexuality could exert such a powerful influence. Something in the place was certainly powerful. Perhaps antiquity had a lot to do with it. For twelve centuries people had stood where I was standing, meditating or supplicating, seeking fulfillment of mundane desires or answers to universal mysteries.

I walked out into the courtyard and stood by a four-sided tower that must have been eight stories high. From bottom to top, it was a work of art, with rows of small human and animal figures, carvings of lotuses, necklaces, and other designs. Every square inch of it had been worked in intricate detail. I saw an overhead bridge connecting three separate buildings. Everywhere were pillars, statues, story panels like comic-strips in stone. One gallery depicted the Shiva legends, another was dedicated to Vishnu. One exquisite panel showed Rama's beloved Sita being abducted by Ravana, the wicked king of Ceylon. Others showed men in combat, palace scenes with monarchs and their courts. Women bathed and fixed their hair. People bowed and danced and caressed their lovers.

Some of the statues were comical. A fat man squatted, belly sagging to his ankles, as he held up the corner of a temple roof. Another corner of the same roof was held up by the big feet of a reclining male. Full-breasted damsels emerged from walls like figureheads on the prows of old sailing ships.

But the artists of Ellora displayed their genius best in their portrayal of Shiva as Lord of the Dance. His muscles ripple, his loose clothing billows, his army fly, and his supple fingers direct the cosmic dance of creation. Behind him, Parvati glows with adoration as she watches him enjoy his *leela* — the divine game.

While I stood entranced, I thought of a hymn supposedly sung by early Christians:

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be,*
*For I am the Lord of the Dance, said He.*
*And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,*
*Yes, I'll lead you all in the dance, said He.*

*Inside the great Hindu cave-temple of Kailasha stands shrine of the lingam.*

# Plain Jain

by BRUCE NIXON

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS in the Christian ministry, Robert Mitra came to a turning point in his life one night while he was sitting in the bathtub.

It came virtually without warning, as though the earth had moved and the sky cracked: Mitra was suddenly aware of the centers of energy within his body, and he had glimpsed the divinity he now knew made the human consciousness and the universe one. What he lacked, for the moment, was the vocabulary to describe the experience.

He regarded it as a psychic phenomena, and so he went to psychics to learn more about it. Some of them shared aspects of the feelings and the awareness that Mitra described, but none knew the experience in its entirety. Robert Mitra prayed — prayed for a teacher. He also had a dream. He dreamed he was sitting on the George Washington Bridge, exactly midway between New York and New Jersey, and in the dream, he watched a diminutive Indian man approach, clad wholly in white. The Indian man came up to him and pressed Mitra's head to his body, and Mitra exploded in a flash of white light. Within several weeks, Robert Mitra had met the Indian man in New York; he was a Jainist priest and Mitra became his disciple. He remained with the priest for seven years, and made trips with him to India and Africa. Today, Mitra is an American Jainist monk, with a psychotherapy practice in Manhattan. He lectures throughout the United States and into Canada on the subject of Jainism, and his path to enlightenment — the flash of white light — this transcendent sense of union with the divine force in the universe.

In early December, Mitra — a tall, slender, graceful man of early middle age whose serenity, enthusiasm, and practical, common-sense grasp of spiritual subjects also carries his message — was in Princeton, New Jersey, explaining Jainism in a workshop sponsored by the Holistic Health Association of the Princeton area.

Jainism itself, as Mitra explained, is the oldest of the Eastern spiritual disciples: it predates Hinduism, and Buddha was a Jainist monk for several years during his search for enlightenment. Its mantras are as old as the Sanskrit language. It is not didactic, and its central concept is simplicity itself: that in the essence of each individual is the power to become a spiritual master, the potential for awareness of union with the divine essence of the universe, and bliss.

"It took me a long time to realize that born-again Christians did not have a corner on the market of religious experience," Mitra explained. "I found that Buddhist monks, Hindu followers, many people of all religions had experienced the same thing, but each from their own points-of-view. All are different aspects of the same divinity."

He spoke, too, of traveling to shrines in India and Egypt where spiritual masters had done much of their teaching, and of the residual spiritual energy he could feel there, still flowing, still vital, cool and calming, left behind by

the masters.

There are keys to Mitra's successful application of Jainism: his beliefs are not dogmatic; he does not deprecate other spiritual systems, but seeks instead to illuminate the similarities between all major religions and spiritual philosophies. He has found a vocabulary that speaks to his time and place — his language is not arcane or difficult — it sounds attractive and appealing. In speaking about the traditional tenets of Jainism, however, Mitra did refer to the "three jewels," the aspects of complete self-awareness or self-illumination: right faith, right knowledge, and right action. These provided the core of the lecture.

"What you believe is what you create," Mitra explained, "is right faith." A basic question of Jainism asks, "Who am I?" When you have the answer, then you have a clear view of the inner self, and the faith that the true self is eternal and indestructible. Knowing that, then you know how to deal with life, the world around you, the self: that is right knowledge. Right action automatically follows the attainment of right faith and right knowledge — "right" not as a term of moral quality, but only that which is correct and proper.

The way to enlightenment is meditation, and the five fundamental Sanskrit mantras, each an aspect of inner essence or inner reality brought forth from the regularity and discipline of meditation:

**Om Namo Arihantanum**: this is the mantra which can take the consciousness to the omniscient perspective of the universe.

**Om Namo Siddhanum**: this is the mantra that raises the consciousness to a level where it cannot be harmed. It is a mantra by which one learns how to deal with one's environment.

**Om Namo Ariarnum**: with this mantra one comes to recognize that the divine has a role in all the forms present in the world. This mantra opens the mind to the abundance of the world, and the freedom that it brings to those who are in harmony with all things. It allows one to achieve a sense of oneness with the universe.

**Om Namo Uvachyianum**: this mantra allows one to let go of feelings of obligation or guilt.

**Namo Loe Savva Sahunum**: this is the mantra of the simple sages. It is the mantra of those who have nothing and own everything. It is for those who find security, creativity and power in simplicity. The power comes from letting go of the things of the world.

In his conclusion, Mitra explained that the mantras are the keys and tools that release the frequencies of energy within us. The mantras are the media through which we return to our true selves. They bind the eternal aspects of our inner selves to those of the universe around us. The key, revealed Mitra, is meditation, and meditation is the way to make the mantras work.

# A Simple Man

by CYNTHIA GOODING

THE hour bell of Seville Cathedral rang eight times as Tomas, the pharmacist, stepped out of his door, reached back for his son's hand and helped him down the steps. When the bell strikes the half hour, Tomas will be back from walking his son to school and his pharmacy will have been open for ten minutes.

Tomas's son, Tonito, has his mother's rosebud mouth and smooth forehead and his father's round black eyes. He is handsomer than his sisters. He is the second son of the same name and he is also handsomer than the first.

Tomas and Elena married long after he finished pharmacy school. They had loved each other since they were children but waited — as we all do to marry — until Tomas had a job and a little house.

By their first anniversary Elena had twin daughters. Good. Then she had another daughter. Good. Then another. Less good. Nice girls all of them, polite girls, quite pretty too, but girls; and Tomas, because of the war, was the last of his name in a family that had had many sons. So many died on both sides.

After the fourth daughter's birth, Tomas began shouting in the house and Elena wept because Tomas stayed overnight across the river occasionally. Then Elena had still another daughter and Tomas's character became so difficult that even his relatives stayed away from his pharmacy, preferring to walk down to Sierpes to avoid his scowl and his hypocritical courtesy.

Elena turned and turned looking for a solution, until finally she turned to the church. She persuaded Tomas to go with her and he made a promise — no one knows what promise — if Elena had a son. It was a humbling thing for him to do. He had not flaunted his lack of belief, because that would be dangerous but only his love for Elena and his desire for a son got him to do it.

Soon Elena was pregnant again. Tomas was somber as they waited for the baby, but he slept at home every night. Then the child was born. It was an easy birth and it was a boy. Tomas went back to church that very day to redeem his promise — even before the child was baptized. In the pharmacy he was his old self again, sympathizing with the people who came to him, giving them strength and hope as well as medicine. Everyone said, "A man whose prayers have been answered is a wonderful man to be with."

The baby was named Antonio for his grandfather and nicknamed Tonito. At the party after the baptism everyone drank to the health of the baby and his parents.

Tomas had a sturdy reputation even though his father fought on the wrong side in the war. His vow and its redemption strengthened the church's regard for him. They gave the baby a scholarship at the Martirio's school. Tomas could not have sent Tonito to school otherwise.

Tomas used to say the happiest time of his day was the ten minute walk through the park taking Tonito to school.

It was a day near the beginning of March eight years ago. Lent had begun. Holy week was ahead and the houses were being painted, repaired and cleaned for spring. That morning, Tomas came out of his house as the cathedral clock struck eight, reached back for his son's hand and walked with him down the street, just as he still does.

Tonito always ran his hand over the brass studs in the big wooden doors making a fluttery sound like a bird's wing whirring. He caught his sleeve on a splinter and they stopped to inspect the tear. It wasn't much of a tear and Elena would fix it after school.

Yes, it was a day in the season when everything is coming back to life. It wasn't cold and it wasn't warm. Tomas stopped to speak to a friend who worked in the park. Tomas congratulated him for having taken his son on as an assistant. Work was hard to find, and there were long lists. Tomas talked to his friend a while longer while Tonito ran along the low wall beside the path. Then Tonito jumped down and ran across the road that runs into the Santa Cruz plaza. Tomas and his friend shouted out because a stupid man riding a motorcycle almost hit Tonito. Tomas ran across the road and caught his son in his arms.

They walked down the path and Tonito stopped to pat a kitten sitting among the roots of a myrtle bush. Tomas said, "Come along, son. You'll be late for school."

At the bottom of the steps leading to the school patio, Tomas kissed Tonito goodbye. Mother Superior stood at the top of these steps on fine days. He greeted her as he always did and she answered as she always did, "Go with God." Tomas turned back home.

She is gone now. Some said she had a heart attack. At any rate, she's gone. She had led the Martirio's school for twenty years; boys and girls in the lower school, all girls in the upper. She gave scholarships to boys because otherwise there would be few in the school. Parents like to start a boy out where he will continue.

At that time the school was expanding rapidly because more girls were being educated, more boys — including the poor ones on the scholarship — were beginning there. That was true then. It is true now. The school is still crowded even though it is larger.

The school outgrew its original buildings long ago, before Tonito's time. Extra school rooms were formed by partitions in the vestibule, the hall, even one of the chapels. All under the same roof, the church and school shared the same building. A neighbor gave the building on the left to the school in expiation of a sin, they say. Then other wealthy parishioners, of whom there were a few in the neighborhood, gave money for the work to take down the old partitions, open doors between the new building and the old one, and restore the chapel.

That day the workmen were going to take down the final partition. It had been in place for a long time. It was strong and heavy, old-

fashioned workmanship. The Mother Superior, for reasons known only to herself, was in charge of the workmen. She knew nothing about these matters and she relied on what the workmen told her. The architect should have been there. Tomas heard the foreman say to Mother Superior. "It isn't unsafe. After all, this is the last partition. The others went easily. But there'll be some dust. You might move the class nearest our work."

Mother Superior was aggravated. She scolded the workmen. "First the architect, now you. You don't get things done on time. You make me double up my classes, there's only the chancel free to pray in, and now there'll be dust to move us out of our rooms." The workmen had made an enormous mess in their habitual way. "You like mess and inconveniencing people," Mother Superior said.

But what was she to do? She had many problems. She expected that the new work would somehow solve all the problems.

Tonito heard Rosary with his classmates in the Baptistry because the workmen were making so much noise in the vestibule. Everyone in the neighborhood said later that they could hear and feel — as you hear your heart thud sometimes — the beam being rocked against the partition.

A boy in Tonito's class had just taught him to pleat paper. Tonito sat in his class seat making tight parallel pleats even though he didn't know what he was making them for. He didn't know how to make a paper dart yet.

The nun was teaching them the addition tables. The little boys' voices followed the nun doing the one tables. "One plus one is two." The voices descended at the solution. "One plus two is three." The sounds from the other side of the wall disturbed the class but the nun was firm. "One plus three is four." Tonito pleated the paper and recited the table.

They were saying one plus four is five when one of the survivors — the boy who taught Tonito to pleat paper — said he heard a noise like thunder. He said he looked up and saw jagged cracks in the ceiling and dust falling through them. He looked at the nun and she was running to the door. He ran to her. Tonito followed him. Bricks fell on a desk by the window. Chunks of plaster fell on the floor. The nun pushed and pulled at the door. When it would not open she turned her back to it, opened her arms to the boys and spread her veil over their heads. Then she must have fallen forward over the boys and the weight of the bricks and beams crushed her down on them. With a whistle and a roar heard blocks away, the ceiling, then the roof fell down on them.

Everyone in the neighborhood heard it and ran. Elena ran among them. She did not speak, just pointed and ran among the others, with her arms very tight against her sides, holding in check any thought of danger to Tonito's little arms and legs, so delicate and small. She ran in her apron through the park, up the street, running with everyone until they stopped in the crowd at the bottom of the steps. They stood and looked at the rising dust clouds. They watched the workmen, coughing

and retching, run across the patio to wet cloths at the water spigot. They watched them tie the cloths over their noses and disappear into the dust. Dust rose from the bare bones of the roof above, and the sun shone on the beams that were still in place.

Policemen held the people back, shouting, "You can't go in there. The dust is dangerous. You can't go in there."

Elena stood there, pushed forward by those behind her and held back by the policemen. She was very still, very straight, holding her breath and not crying. Other women were screaming out their childrens' names but Elena was silent. She stood waiting with her arms crossed over her breasts, close to her body.

A workman called that the door was off the hinges. The people surged forward. The policemen held them back. A call. "We've found them. Found them. . . ." The words were echoed to those behind. The call circulated out to the edges of the crowd. A workman called, "Mother Superior is all right." The message was relayed back. From the far limits of the growing crowd came other calls. "Ambulances in the next street. They can't get through."

"The police want to clear the plaza." Elena held her place with the others and waited.

Four doctors in their starched whites came striding through the dusty crowd. They went up the steps and disappeared in the dust. The clock on the tower tolled the four full strokes of the hour and then began to strike nine.

Tomas always came to get Tonito at twelve. That day he had left his oldest daughter in charge of the pharmacy while he went to the supplier to do some business. He heard the news in the Sierpes, and ran back with some other men. He called Elena's name until he found her and when he got to her she hid her face in his arms and wept now that he was there. He stood patting her head and whispering to her while his eyes searched the patio, the crowd, the people. Men carried stretchers from the ambulances to the building. Then the first returned bearing a little blanket-covered bundle; it was Joselito, and he was near death. His mother opened the blankets and kissed his face as she ran alongside the stretcher. The people pushed against the policemen until they pushed past them and ran up the steps calling the names of their children.

The figure of Mother Superior stopped the crowd. She stood framed in the doorway. Dust clouds swirled around her. She moved away from the door and began shaking her head from side to side. Her eyeballs protruded like the whites of two shelled eggs. One hand held a crucifix, the other beat against her breast.

An invisible barrier held the people back until Tomas stepped over it. He reached out his hand to her and asked in a reasonable voice, "Where are our children? Where is my son? I brought him to you this morning. Where is he?"

All the people saw the nun beating her chest with a clenched fist, Tomas with his hand outstretched. Then two men came out of the doorway carrying a stretcher. A woman sprang forward and looked at the child's face. She called, "It's

Juanillo Reyes." The people opened a way for Senora Reyes. She touched her son's face and saw him open his eyes. "Thank God," she cried and everyone repeated her words. Hope pushed the people forward into the space ahead until Elena and Tomas saw into the room.

The dust was clearing and the sun shone on the body of the nun. A pile of bricks and loose plaster lay scattered around and on her. They had covered her face with her veil. The doctors were making bundles of the boys her body had protected. Some had managed to find shelter where her raiments made air pockets and had been spared the poisonous dust. The doctors were sorting through the heap of little bodies. disentangling each living child from the arms and legs flung out and twisted, streaked with blood and plaster dust.

Tomas looked in and turned to Mother Superior. He wrenched her around and made her look into the room and watch the doctors winding the small bodies into blankets, leaving some faces free, covering others. A priest cradled a boy in his arms. He blessed him, and put him down covering his face. His cope and cassock were stained with blood, and caked with plaster dust.

Tomas held Mother Superior's arm firmly, and looked from side to side in the room. Finally he caught sight, not of Tonito, but of the shoes he had bought Tonito two weeks earlier. The small dusty shoes stuck out of a blanket. The face was covered.

Tomas looked at the shoes and at the little bundle they stuck out from. Elena ran to put her arms around the body. Tomas began to shout, "Is that. . . Is that. . . Is that my son?" Mother Superior continued to beat her chest, her eyes averted. "Answer me," he bellowed, using all the breath in his lungs to make the question heard. "Is that my son?" The priest approached Tomas and said, "Your son is in heaven." He laid his hand on Tomas and tried to soothe him.

Tomas shook the hand off. He shook his head in the attempt to grasp all that was going on around him. He turned to look at Elena holding Tonito's head. He looked back at the priest. "Heaven? No!" He shouted. "I brought him here to learn to read."

The priest took his arm again. Tomas pulled free. He shouted to Mother Superior. "Where is the boy I brought you? Where is he?" He could not catch her wall-eyed gaze, and he shook her arm. "I'll send you to heaven," he screamed. "I'll send your damned soul to your damned heaven."

The priest slapped his face. "Such words are not permitted in the presence of the dead." He slapped him hard again. "Such an outburst is not permitted of a Spaniard." He slapped him again. "Such words may not be spoken to Mother Superior."

The workmen held Tomas and the priest slapped him until his nose was bloody and his eyes were closed. It looked cruel. It was cruel, but Tomas welcomed the pain, the helplessness. Then Tomas opened his eyes and spoke to the priest calmly. "I prayed to your God for this son. He gave him to me. Now you have taken him away. I take myself back from God." He spoke in hushed

tones, as though he were praying. "Irrevocably. I take myself back."

Tomas continued in the same tranquil voice. "I curse your God and his Son. And your soul and mine. I take the most solemn oath never to cease this cursing." It was so terrible to hear these words that everyone was still. The workmen held him as his body began to writhe again.

Elena cried out, "It is sorrow that speaks. Not my Tomas."

Tomas sobbed, "Nothing left. Nothing left." His voice rose from its reasonable tone to a scream. "I curse your God. I curse Him."

Three months after the funeral, Elena was pregnant again. And then, not quite ten months after the first Tonito's death, the new Tonito was born. He was as small as the first one but handsomer. Tomas had insisted on the same name. He insisted even though Elena begged him to choose another name. He asked the same godparents to stand up for the new Tonito. He had him baptized, but he still wore black for the first Tonito when he stood at the font holding the new Tonito. His face was as still as stone. He handed the baby to the godparents and when the baptism was done he bent down and kissed the child. He whispered. "Tonito. The only Tonito."

Now it is eight twenty and he has just turned the corner coming back from the Martirio's school. He has left the new Tonito there until twelve.

This Tonito has a scholarship too, because Tomas is a man of good reputation, a man of his word. But what he said in the first months of grief over the death of his first son — that is almost forgotten.

He is opening the pharmacy. The cathedral clock will sound the half hour in just under ten minutes.

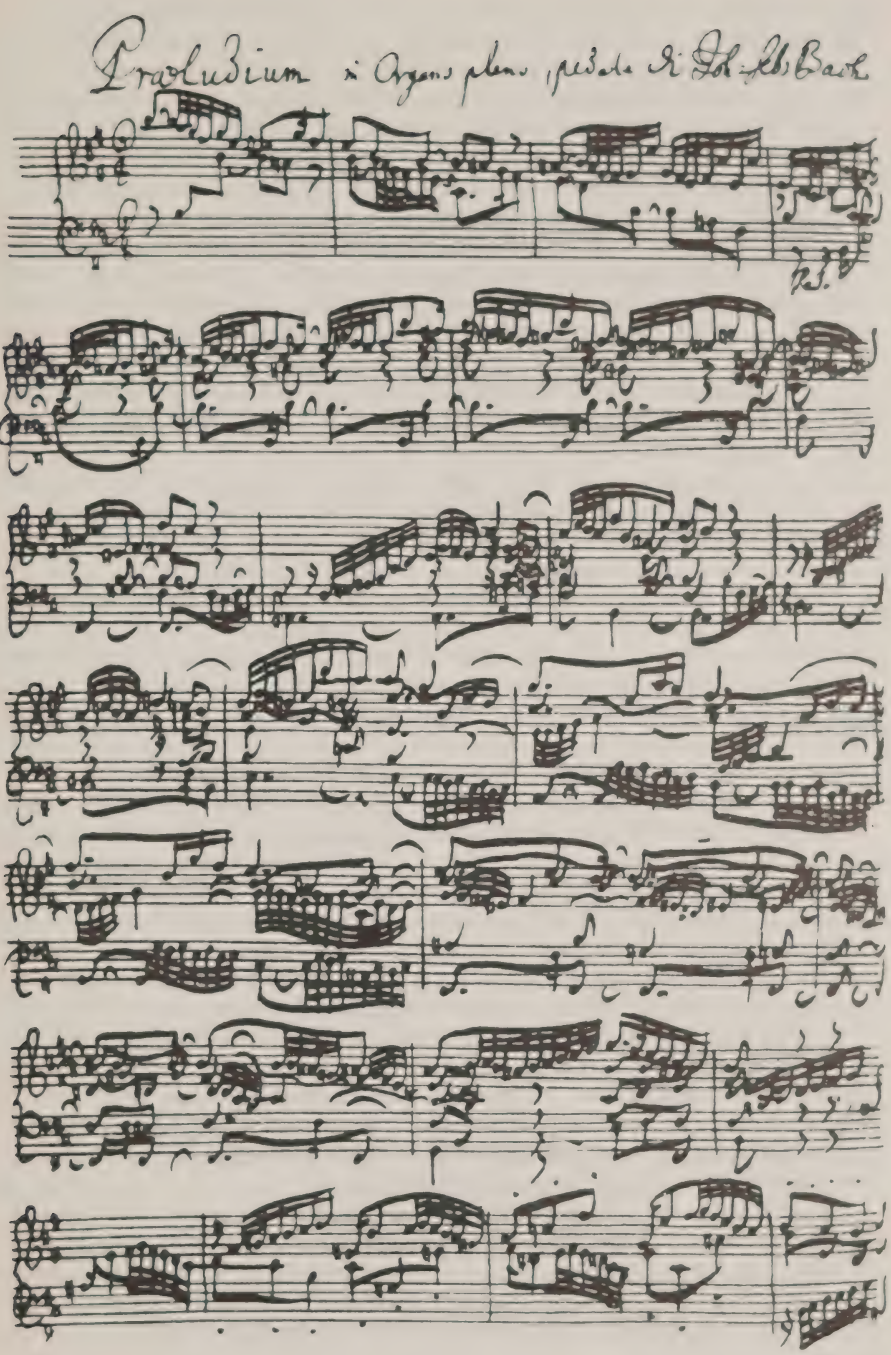
AT RIGHT: PHOTOGRAPH BY ABRAHAM MENASHE

## A MUSICAL OFFERING *(continued from page 20)*

his existence, and secured the position of organist and choirmster at the court of Weimar by virtue of all the qualities which every hero should be without when at a fork in the road of life: indecision and a lack of funds. The question whether he and his family would be better off by accepting the position in Weimar required the careful and deliberate act of ratiocination, but that was lacking. To all the questions that he asked himself, came the answers supplied by the mind of a person who was seeking solace rather than accepting the reality of a situation which intimated the possibility of great peace but would offer the exact opposite. Were not the townspeople of Weimar musically inclined? They were. Had they not named the castle's chapel, "the path to the celestial city?" They had. Therefore, would he and his family not be better off by accepting the position at Weimar? Most assuredly. Little did he realize that these answers were the only celestial notions that he would receive, exclusive of his own compositions, during the five year internment with the Duke.

The Duke, Wilhelm Ernest, was by no means an estimable character. He was an anachronism carried over from the Middle Ages when feudalism reigned supreme and the reins of rule were in the hands of a class of persons neither chivalrous nor holy, but autocratic. The Duke possessed little enlightenment, was a poor musician, and was attuned to the musical tastes of the day through the inflation of his own self-importance. It was not by the juxtaposition of a few opposites but by the infiltration of a multitude of highly varied elements, that his mental composition was made up. The intensity of personal pride and petty tyranny were combined in such proportions that they blended in this malevolent spirit the subtle and glittering exterior of a serpent. Unfortunately for Bach, who in his naivete of the human condition, possessed by an ardent desire to create his music and protect his family from the impecunious and vagrant nature of his antecedents, did not immediately see the predicament into which he had cast himself. He would learn, albeit through the passage of five long years, to navigate the treacherous shoals of the lord-vassal relationship.

Bach's financial emoluments and the seeming security for his family were sufficient to allow him to ignore, for the moment, the predilections of the Duke's earthly demeanour. He proceeded to labor for the Duke's demands and eased himself into the duties required of him as court organist. A taste for superb opulence, the splendors of high living coupled with the exquisiteness of courtly intrigues — such as failing to appoint Bach *Hofkapellmeister* when the post fell vacant — and the variegated savor of temporal existence were the *modus operandi* of the Duke's court. However, over the years, the constant subjugation to the base vileness of his will, his lack of musical knowledge, his unwillingness to allow Bach to consider bids from other quarters, led Bach to more than the simple realization of his situation. It opened his eyes to the reality of fact: Bach was consummately unhappy. His dissatisfaction with the Duke's attitude prompted his acceptance as


Praeludium

*Kapellmeister* to the Prince of Anhalt-Cothen. The Duke howled with fury when he learned of Bach's intentions, berated him cruelly with threats and imprisoned him. Johann Sebastian remained in the Duke's dungeon for a month and upon his release — perhaps a little thinner, more than likely wiser — he reflected on the nature of his own affairs and concluded that they were as much as he could manage. Charity, that divine and wonderful virtue, should be practiced at home, and a home is what he needed most of all.

To say that Bach left the Duke's court is a polite euphemism; he was thrust forth, but thrust into the arms of the first truly noble spirit in his life. Leopold, the Prince of Anhalt-Cothen was a patron who considered Bach more as a friend than as a servant. Unfortunately, during this happy employment, there occurred a great and tremendous loss. Returning from Karlsbad with the Prince, Bach learned that his dear Maria Barbara had died in his absence and been buried. Johann Sebastian, consumed with grief, consoled himself with the knowledge that Maria Barbara had been called upon to serve a power greater than any on earth.

Such to this moment is Bach's history. It is the *curriculum vitae* of errant genius and now a widower burdened by the responsibility of four motherless children. Although profoundly affected by the passing of his dear wife, he had now to consider the immediacy of his children's needs.

Bach the man, not the legend, possessed of all the virtues and vices which are the common denominators of man's existence on earth, kept himself from being entangled with the forces that seemed to be pulling him to and fro. That substantial diet of music and Lutheran faith — those redeemable commodities — which had never failed him before were to be called upon again. Only a man who had no music or faith might have shuffled off shamefully into insignificance. Only a man who did not believe in God could have abandoned with completeness the last shreds of dignity and honor and denied the responsibility of his children, his music, and his faith in order to escape the appalling necessity of having to make up his mind. But Johann Sebastian Bach was not this sort of person. To evade the responsibility was not part of the fabric of his character, and to extricate himself effortlessly was obviously not God's will. Male courage was not enough, male energy was not sufficient to alleviate the pressures that came upon him from everyside. He undoubtedly possessed all the requisite forces; but their real value to him was that they merely made him strong enough to support his back which supported the pressures. What gave him the strength to continue with indomitable persistence was his belief in divine grace by faith in God. This is what sustained his own self-esteem and freed him from the bonds of his physical existence. The simple comprehension of man's exaltation as a reward for faith, replaced for Bach despair with joy.

It was now the spring of 1721, and a year had passed since Maria Barbara's death. If it had been a year passed in the vicissitudes of grief and indecision, it had also been a year during which he grew accustomed to the gentleness and beautiful voice of the sprightly Anna Magdalena. Those predominant passions — of which love was one — began to melt the icy stiff-

ness which had frozen Bach and relieved his unhappy existence by making her the object of an extraordinary adoration. The burdens of a lifetime, all summed together since that untimely death, now suddenly dissipated before the fascination of Anna Magdalena. Now, as he felt that she could mend the grief precipitated by Maria Barbara's death, he also felt the vain impossibility of hiding the needs and the feelings which had seized upon him. Although the Wulkens had not considered Bach as a son-in-law — he was twice their daughter's age — he was now known. His celebrity as an organist was established and a certain fame had blessed him. Prince Leopold himself had said that Bach would forever be graced, "as long as music would be played on earth." So Johann Sebastian summoned the faith of his convictions, buried the dreadful hesitations which pursued him since Maria Barbara's death, and married Anna Magdalena.

The time had now arrived to place the conjugal home in order. Johann Sebastian's children were young, yet not so young as to be unaware that a stranger was usurping the position of a past presence. Of those children who had escaped the visitations of illness and passed unscathed into adolescence were: Katherina, Friedmann, Emmanuel and Johann Gottfried. Anna Magdalena was so doubtful of her own capacity to fill the new position of wife and mother that she sought solace from God. She repeated the same prayer that she had pronounced at her betrothal, "God make me a worthy servant of thy will." She had little to fear, for she possessed all the natural accoutrements of motherhood and won the affection of her new family by that amiable disposition with which she had been blessed.

Soon after their marriage, and allowing for the passage of time for those things, the Bach household was blessed by the arrival of a new member, Christiane Sophia. The painful experience of the first birth was softened by Johann Sebastian's kind words, "My sweet lamb, how it hurts me to see you suffer." Those very same words he would have occasion to use twelve more times, and those births as a series of events, marked his happiness.

After the rigorous life in Weimar, Bach must have felt a joyous dispensation to create in the noble atmosphere of friendlier surroundings. But Cothen proved to be a mixed blessing. There he was rich again with those feelings of security provided by the Prince which he enjoyed in that delightful combination of musical production and family life. However, the price which was exacted was one that he had not counted on. He paid for this peace by having to renounce the solemn duty which he had laid upon himself: the playing of his art to the glory of God. Despite the ease, dignity, and absolute satisfaction of his works during the Cothen period, he was unable to create those works for which he felt he was intended, more than that, for which he had been placed on earth. The reasons had originally escaped him, but now, he yielded to the reality of what was going on around him.

Cothen, that charming and provincial capital was the center of an enlightened local civilization. Due in part to the resplendent character of Prince Leopold, but mainly due to the burgeoning age of Enlightenment in France, whose radiance was glittering over the whole continent, Cothen was a

pleasant phenomena which had developed a frame and nature all its own. But what happened in its history was now apparent in its present. Somehow, and at sometime, the stone of its buildings, and the stamp of its character, so solid and competent, had been indelibly marked by religious resignation. Cothen had been and remained a Calvin bastion and that religious fluid had seeped into the machinery of the reigning dynasty. They in turn allowed for only the sternest and least adorned hymns to be played in the chapel. To feel that the divine inspiration of his music was being limited, possibly jeopardized, were shadows from the past, and those had been anathema to Bach.

It is not difficult to conjure up the convolutions that must have been bubbling in Bach. He was torn between the necessity of providing for his family, and his desire to create his music. A problem of no little significance in his life but one that was consistent. What may appear strange, remote and hard to grasp is the ambivalence of his feelings towards the Prince. It was a period of happiness and struggle, a period during which he saw parts of the happiness and parts of the struggle. But he could not see into the depths of what seethed around him. So much the better, for he had his point of view and his music and that could not be confused. But if the depths went unfathomed, the reality of what was going on was palpable. Somehow he knew, somehow he felt that a darkness was descending on Cothen. Even though the time he spent in Cothen was not without its ups and downs, it would be wrong to state that he left because he was entirely unhappy. Many years later, he stated the true reason for his departure. "Its gracious Prince loved and understood music, so that I expected to end my days there. . . . My *Serenissimus* married a Bernberg wife, and in consequence, so it seemed, his musical *inclination* abated, while his new Princess proved to be an *amusa.*" How simple, how straightforward to realize the falling out as due to a woman's career as a princess. The icy cynicism of musical ignorance and her jealousy of Bach, infiltrated and overwhelmed the Prince's personality. Eventually the coolness of Leopold's character added impetus to Bach's growing concern for his future. Bach in his desire to write the music of his ambitions, the need of a Lutheran setting, and the necessity to extract himself from an invidious presence which completely dominated the court, was again the consummate longing of this itinerant musician.

The twilight of one position was the dawn of another. It so happened that the cantorate of the Thomasschule in Leipzig became vacant on Kuhnau's death. Although the cantor's position was not a renowned or envied slot, six candidates presented themselves for the nomination. While in Leipzig for the selection Bach encountered his most serious opposition: Georg Philipp Telemann. Telemann of Hamburg, preceded by a reputation which made him the ubiquitous feature of that 18th century German musical society, was a serious opponent to contend with. Matheson, the most virulent critic of the day, happened in a charitable moment to state that Telemann was the "only musician without peer." Despite the contrariness of their personalities and tastes, Bach and Telemann developed a friendship which rose above petty rivalry. Bach in appreciation of this friendship had Telemann named Philipp

Emanuel's godfather. Telemann too, was motivated by the most intense desire to create his own music which he pursued with indefatigable industry. Hamburg, realizing its good fortune with such a musician, refused to let him go. One by one the other candidates were eliminated, and Bach became, by attrition, the cantor of the Thomasschule.

Life was entirely different from that in Cothen, but again he was subjected to a thousand petty and inflicting points. Bach's attempts to make changes in the archaic teaching system and to obtain the credits necessary to purchase new instruments were lost amid a state of total indifference. The credits never came and his most proficient singers were withdrawn from the choir and placed in the opera. Gradually he had begun to suspect that there was change in the air. What was it? Was the world itself changing? Was the age of one music going out and another coming in? He began to discern the scent and savor of the 18th century. There could be no doubt about it, a new tide was flowing in. Bach peered out into the light of that new dawning, and saw that it was good. But he also saw that it was not Bach. He would continue in the same vein, he would continue to pursue the same path that had been chosen for him. Immutably, he remained unchanged.

In Leipzig, the first of a series of deaths which were to plague the Bachs occurred with the passing of Christiane Sophia. For Magdalena it was the first real awakening to the tribulations of motherhood. For Johann Sebastian, it was one of many, but he was hardly calloused enough to witness the passing of his children without deep feelings, and he found her suffering to be as painful as the deaths. Together they withstood the pain. They were locked together in love and understanding that it was God's will to take back that which he had given. For as life precedes death, so an avalanche of births was succeeded by its decimation in deaths.

Music was not only Bach's inspiration, it was also his consolation. At his instrument, Bach forgot his grief and pain. Even in the bedroom there was a harpsichord and for him it was the "consoler for those who suffer, and a friend to those who participate in joy." Later Anna Magdalena would remember those nights when Johann Sebastian, seized by some inspiration, would play those heavenly sounds ever so softly in the sleeping house. This was the music of a happy man. Although, in his work he suffered a thousand iniquities, he considered them unimportant. Faith and sensuality were bonded in such a way that conceptions and births were forever a joy. At every pregnancy, Anna Magdalena burst with happiness and love. But, unfortunately the cribs emptied and were replaced by small coffins, and these losses eventually took their toll on the sprightly Anna Magdalena. One day she admitted to Johann Sebastian, "how cruel it is to carry our children only to lose them, our hope and love, and bury them in little graves." The pain was always more difficult to bear when the parents thought that the worse had passed. Boy or girl, they grew, developed, and began to love or at least understand music. Then unexpectedly a curse would fall on them or some fever would consume them. Love and science were impotent. Christian Gottlieb lived no longer than Christiane Sophia; Ernestin Andreas was left in

their care for a few days, and Regina Johanna stayed with them for five years, then suddenly, without notice, her little life was extinguished.

The frightening tempo of these deaths rhythmed the Bach household as each birth brought a sense of pride and anxiety. One was constantly and precariously perched. Was a funeral coming? If so, when? Anna Magdalena was tortured by these deaths, whose ceremony unfolded with disastrous regularity. The return from the funeral had become an atrocious habit. Good friends and others accompanied her and assured her that she shared the same fate as other mothers, and that she should be grateful to keep half the children that she brought into the world. How did Johann Sebastian feel about this? For him, contained within the fabric of his convictions, he realized that those children were experiencing joys which those on earth would have to wait for.

So as to console Anna Magdalena, Johann Sebastian would read passages from Martin Luther. The passages described the grief he, too, had suffered when his little daughter had died. Anna Magdalena listened tearless, perhaps numbed by the pain. But then a light mist would cloud her eyes and with her head on his shoulder, the tears would begin to choke her. Later she would recognize that God, so as to support the painful dissappearances, had mercifully kept her and Johann Sebastian together for a long time. After these quiet moments together, a smiling countenance was *de rigueur*, not as a palliative to the grief but as an acknowledgement to the fact that those who were no longer with the family were not forgotten. They were elsewhere and happy. In Leipzig, Bach reigned paternally over the family, surrounded by the sons and daughters that the good Lord had left him.

Time passed, weaving a discrete web of fame around the cantor. Although his fame had not reached universal proportions, he was the fame of Leipzig. His musical output accumulated due to the fact that he had been blessed by a remarkable internal stability and released from the circum-ambient pressures which used to plague him.

Age crept up ever so slowly upon the Bachs. Anna Magdalena's blond tresses grayed without Johann Sebastian ever taking notice. Once he did, he remarked, "your hair which once reflected the rays of the sun, now has the shimmer of the moon. A light more preferable for the young lovers that we are." Bach was enchanted by his wife and would never cease to be amazed by her simple and pure heart. His desire for her and her sensuality were those items of which he never tired. He never succumbed to the attraction of another woman. The numerous pregnancies and deaths could not affect the charm that he bore for Anna Magdalena. Of her love for him, she had not yet begun to take measure. It was as new, and as fresh as the first day they met, and as unexplainable. She felt that no one could live in his presence without desiring to become a better person. But unlike Johann Sebastian, Anna Magdalena had studied the face of her husband throughout the years, and had now become aware of the ravages of anxiety: the accentuated marks, the narrowed mouth, the deep wrinkle that cleaved the forehead in two, the button-like nose that had elongated. All pointed towards the dreadful march of time. However, it was in his eyes that she noticed the greatest change. The once formidable stare had begun to soften, the eyelids had begun to weigh heavily. Bach, too, had realized the inevitable and told her, "my dear, the old Bach has not much longer to work. . . . he must not waste his time."

In the remaining time left to Bach, an event was to occur, neither solicited nor expected, but an event nonetheless which is part of the course of Bach's history: his meeting with Frederick II of Prussia.

At the time of their encounter, Frederick was a man in his mid-thirties whose personal qualities and vices were on the up and up, and whose major importance seemed to lie in the fact that he was king of one of the many European monarchies. Frederick himself portrayed the essence and attitudes which ventured into the minds and habits of those major figures of 18th century Europe. Like all Germans of any affluence and education, he habitually wrote and spoke in French and his life was regulated by the social forces of France. He was, by this, the instance of a universal fact. But if etiquette and the other social graces were dictated by that radiant sun in the west, his musical inclination was distinctly German. Therefore, as an amateur flautist of some proficiency, it was not strange that the blood that coursed through his veins was also musical.

The intersection of these two momentous lives was not a particularly entertaining thought for Bach, who no longer relished the prospects of travel. His son, Philipp Emanuel had been appointed court harpsichordist at Frederick's palatial extravaganza, Sans Souci, and the King had done more than intimate to Philipp Emanuel that the presence of his father was required; by imperial command he was sought. So Bach, not wishing to offend the monarch — nor was he entirely without the knowledge of the satisfaction which the meeting would bring — left for Potsdam. The trip proved long and arduous, and he arrived at the beautiful baroque chateau deadly tired and gray from fatigue. The famous quotidian concert was about to begin, and as Frederick's particular peccadillo was punctuality, he would not even allow Bach the time to dust his clothes, nothing would be allowed to delay the concert. It was six o'clock and that was all that mattered. The King stood firmly, prepared to begin when Bach's arrival was announced. "Gentlemen, the old Bach is here, go fetch him." the imperious command had been given, and Bach was brought into the king's presence.

The old Bach was not that old. He was sixty-four, yet the dust and dour nature of the trip made him carry his age with difficulty. He was ushered into a glimmering concert hall, where a thousand candles, suspended from magnificent chandeliers were reflected off mirrors, so it appeared that the very sun was in the hall. Bach took his place behind a Silbermann piano-forte and with the ease and facility which only the master possessed improvised a piece which sanctioned a glorious tribute from the king who said, "there is but one Bach." A humbling approbation from so pompous a king to so competent a master.

As Johann Sebastian began composing his last major work, Anna Magdalena noticed her husband's increasing need for light. Bach himself was aware of his condition and simply said, "I must write while I can still see." Anna Magdalena attempted to have Johann Sebastian seek the care of an English oculist travelling through Leipzig. Bach at first refused, but reconsidered. A first surgical intervention was performed unsuccessfully. A second

was made with disastrous results; Bach was now completely blind.

Instead of feeling an intense despair over his condition, Bach as always was consumed by a passion to compose. His heart and mind were bursting with music. He was not broken by his blindness and least of all was he frightened by the prospect of death. Death had always been a companion even during his happiest moments. The day before his passing, through some divine providence, his eyes opened once again to the light of day. God had somehow wanted him to cast a last glance onto those whom he had most cherished while on earth. Anna Magdalena presented him with a rose, and its vivid redness bespoke of his knowledge and faith in God. "There are more beautiful things where I am going. More beautiful colors and sounds of music which neither you nor I have ever heard. It is a music we could never dream of. It is the music of our Lord."

When his eyes closed forever, it was Anna Magdalena who sang the prelude to "All Men Must Die."

## EPILOGUE

Johann Sebastian Bach was dead, and by that death so many singular agitations came to their final rest. There had never been anything sadly insignificant about his life. The very purpose of his existence had been to cut through to the grain and expose the inner nature of his being through his music. The half-tones of happiness and tragedy had been eminently apparent throughout his life, and his undaunted *spirit* with its energy and power had somehow come together and expressed so wonderfully that which he truly felt. But what had delighted some had somehow managed to escape others. Bach was not concerned by this. Bach was armed with a faith and knowledge which did not subscribe to the paths of glory and recognition, for he followed a humbler path which led to the appreciation of God. Therefore it is not surprising that he contented himself — albeit at times with difficulty — by being nothing more nor nothing less than a conscientious functionary to his employers. For Bach had come to realize that his music had always been and would remain a lasting tribute to that purpose for which it was intended: a creation for God's glory.


## CREDITS

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# Glossary of Terms

**Aspiration:** A symbol of the expression or reflection of the Divine life on the lower planes of the soul. It is the yearning within the lower nature for communion and union with the higher. It implies dissatisfaction and discontent with present states and conditions, and means the setting up of ideals of what is better and worthier. Aspiration must of necessity by the Divine law meet with response from above and the bestowal of higher qualities and faculties on the mind which turns from the world to God.

**Astral plane:** A mediaeval term for the plane of nature between the physical plane and the mental plane. The astral plane is the field, or medium, of the desires, sensations, passions, and instincts of the lower nature.

**Ba:** A symbol of the spiritual ego, or Divine spark, within each individual soul.

**Distressed world:** A symbol of the astro-mental plane — the field of the warring desires and lower emotions and passions, with entailed suffering and sorrow.

**Dove:** An emblem of purity, aspiration, and gentleness, or the active principle animating the higher nature which descends into the lower nature in order to rise therefrom.

**Faith:** A sense of that which is superior to knowledge, i.e. intuition of Truth. Acceptance of the system of nature with all its invariable sequence, its suffering and evil, as inevitable and perfect in process, in regard to its end, which is God.

**Fear:** Lack of intellectual will. It is a negative state, that is, absence of the positive state — courage. Fear is possible only to that which has no real existence, namely, the lower nature. It stifles effort and paralyzes initiative.

**Light:** A symbol of Truth, Wisdom and Knowledge, and of the consciousness which apprehends reality or relativity in each.

**Prayer:** A symbol of aspiration. The supplication of the lower for spiritual advancement.

**Regeneration:** A symbol of the production anew, through a process of spiritual transmutation and evolution, of the purified and perfected qualities of the ego which thereby rises to a new birth on the higher planes of consciousness.

**Soul and Body:** Symbolic of spirit and matter in relation to the Divine process of manifestation — Involution and then Evolution.

**Springtime Blossoming:** A symbol of the beginning of a new evolution of life from the higher mind plane of the next globe of the chain.

**Will of Man:** The spiritual center of relative existence in the lower mind. From this center the higher determinations of choice emanate, and these derive their power and also direction from the mind. That which may be called the lower, illusive, or inverted will is merely the blind "self-will run riot" of the desire principle which for a time dominates the mind and prevents the expression of the true will.

## THE NUCLEAR CROSS *(continued from page 14)*

have seen hundreds and thousands of people still suffering from the after-effects. It's a total myth in this country that somehow it's all over.

**FIP:** The bomb itself could be considered a many-act play that has no end.

**Bob:** There's no end to it. Even though the increased genetic deformities that scientists expected in the first generation after the bomb haven't shown up, that doesn't relieve people of the fear they have about bearing children. Because the after-effects can show up in the second, third, or fourth generation. It's a curse that could run throughout the rest of human history.

**FIP:** Sometimes I feel helpless. It's like a machine in motion, always opening its huge mouth. The dragon is being born over and over again.

**Bob:** I don't believe in projecting any false optimism. The situation, if one looks at it with open eyes, is very discouraging. For thirty-seven years now, there has been nothing but escalation of nuclear arms. And the weapons get more and more destructive.

But things are not hopeless. I'm not optimistic, but I'm not hopeless, either. I think there's hope as long as we have breath. I think we have to devote our total existence, our total lives, our total everything, to that hope, however small it may be. I think hopefulness is increasing.

**FIP:** Don't you get overwhelmed by the negative aspects of the situation? How do you keep your peace of mind?

**Bob:** This relates to what I said earlier about faithfulness. As we are faithful to the callings and leadings of God, He will use our small and humble offerings to bring about what He wants to bring about. You see, I believe that — in the ultimate sense — we are not wholly in control of history, but God is. There's a funny sort of dialectic here. Bonhoeffer said we should pray as if nothing in the world depended on us and *act* as if everything did. You see, we never know when the thing we do will be the vehicle that God uses.

God's ways are inscrutable. We don't know why He chose Moses or the prophets. It seems He often chose the most ordinary people around — and, in the case of the prophets, a good many of them were reluctant to accept the call. But I do believe it's a universal call, nonetheless.

**FIP:** Do people ever hear the call?

**Bob:** I think all we can do is try to be as faithful as we can to the call. The fact that there's so much human suffering in the world is not, I think, God's fault. He put enough food on this earth to feed everybody. It's a result of human sin that everyone isn't fed. It's a result of the fact that a lot of us in the First World are eating more than our share and have all kinds of luxury crops.

It's a matter of distribution, a matter of justice.

**FIP:** There's no human justice, in other words?

**Bob:** Human beings have messed it up. That has been our role down through history. That's why we talk of original sin. Original sin doesn't have so much to do with what happened in the Garden of Eden as it does with the tendency of human nature to be selfish, to inflict injustice on others, and so forth.

Love is the answer. It's the only thing that's going to get any of us out of here. The peace idea and the love ideas are closely connected. Even when Jesus was asked to summarize the whole of the law, he said, "Love God and love your neighbor." That's it. The easiest and the hardest. One of those paradoxes.

Love — universal love — is the cornerstone on which justice and peace are built. Peace is not merely the absence of violence, it's the positive presence of love and justice.

I think there's no question of the human ability to practice love and make it grow and start building on it. We have this capacity for good, too. After all, we are created in the image of God. Certainly one of God's greatest characteristics is His capacity to love. So he has put the same capacity in us. And we have seen that even in our day-to-day lives people have loved us. Even the fact that we were raised beyond infancy is a sign of love, because someone had to change our diapers, feed us, and everything else.

I think there's no question of there also being powerful, dark forces in lives. Evil has a transcendent nature. Both evil and good have transcendent natures. Both evil and good can be incarnated — certainly Hitler was the incarnation of great evil — and I think evil today is getting its ultimate incarnation.

What is the enchantment of evil? All of the stories point out the same basic realities. For example, in the Creation story, we find Adam and Eve instructed not to eat a certain fruit from the tree and they eat it anyway. Well, there was a certain pleasure in that. Pleasure is one of the roots of the matter today. In a sense our god is the god of pleasure. We do what pleases us no matter what it costs anyone else, no matter if it's faithful or obedient or anything else.

Pleasure in and of itself is not evil. Jesus said, "I have come to bring you life. I have come that ye may have life and have it abundantly," which implies a certain enjoyment of life. But pleasure should not be the consuming passion of your life, the goal of everything you do. It should be a side-effect — the organic outgrowth of a life which is in harmony with the divine, a life which is faithful. Although Saint Francis was an ascetic, he basically was a very joyful man. It wasn't a shallow kind of joy. It wasn't like he could hee and haw all the time. He had the joy that went right down to the core of his being — the joy that came from the fact that he knew he was in touch with and in harmony with the divine.

I know from my own experience that, as I go along the path of struggling to be a peacemaker, to be faithful in this world, to respond to all the good

things God has done for me, I find great joy from living the life of the faithful.

Salvation is something that doesn't wait for the afterlife. Salvation begins here and now.

In the Book of Deuteronomy, which was written several thousand years ago, God says to the people, "Today I have set before you Life and Death, blessing and curse. Therefore choose Life, that you and your children may live." Today we have the same, fundamental choice. We are going to choose life or we are going to choose death and suicide.

I think one of the best paradigms of our current situation was the whole Jim Jones thing. That was a form of prophetic warning. I see all kinds of prophetic warnings going on around us. And they began a long time ago. Einstein warned us. Oppenheimer. The frequency and starkness of the warnings are increasing. The Jim Joneses of this world are the military leaders and planners who have a bottle of cyanide for all of us.

I think the accident at Three-Mile Island was also a prophetic warning. If the thing had melted down, there would be a large part of central Pennsylvania that would be uninhabitable for hundreds of years to come.

**FIP:** Do you suppose every generation feels the terror as much as we do?

**Bob:** No. There has been fear in every age — plagues, bad things, etc. — but there has never been the capacity that we have. I am a child of the nuclear age, and my son is a child of the second nuclear age, and it's a terrible legacy to give to children. I remember the Cuban Missile Crisis and people building fallout shelters. I had nightmares about not being able to get into a shelter. I can remember being told to put my head under the desk because the Russians were going to send nuclear bombs against us. It's awful. Yet we go on living, seeing our football games and our ballet dances, and it's very hard to know what to do.

How much should you live a normal life in face of this very real and impending doom? Maybe we shouldn't have normal lives. I have many very close friends who live lives that nowhere resemble anything that would be considered normal in this culture — people who have been jailed repeatedly. I have one friend who has spent probably eighty per cent of the last eight years in jail for resisting nuclear weapons. That's not normal for a Catholic priest. Yet, because of the extreme situation, he says it's the same thing as the Nazi death-camps. That's what he parallels it to. And now the test is: are we going to go along with the Nazis and go along with this madness, or what?

Maybe I should be sitting in jail right now. Maybe I should be doing more of that kind of thing. I do take some risks. I don't, for example, pay taxes to support nuclear weapons.

**FIP:** You mean you don't pay any income taxes?

**Bob:** Any Federal income tax. It's risky. I know that. But the risk is fairly

small, because the IRS wants the money, they don't want to put you in jail, they try to find a way to collect from you eventually. But they won't get it from me voluntarily. I have vowed it. I will not voluntarily cooperate with the mass suicide of humanity.

My friends, who are living lives that put them in jeopardy day in and day out, are happy people. They are joyful. When I am with them, I often feel true peace too.

Being between a rock and a hard place is a way of finally coming around sometimes to reality.

But we don't have that lesson. In the nuclear thing, the only lesson we have is Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Frank Von Hippel always says he'd like to take the world's leaders and lock them up in the museum in Hiroshima and make them look at what that stuff really does. It's horrendous. It makes you feel really terrible. I was there for ten days in 1980, and it was the most depressing experience of my life. I hated the picture books and the films. I wanted to say, "I don't want to see this any more." But it penetrated. And, once it penetrates, it makes it easier to fight your cause. You literally have to rub people's noses in it.

A lot of people misunderstand Christianity and think it means nice-guyism. Well, Jesus of Nazareth was terribly offensive to the establishment of his time. He rubbed a lot of people the wrong way, alienated them. Yet he was faithful.

God suffered on the cross and now humanity is on the nuclear cross. He loves us so much that He doesn't want us to go down these paths of self-destruction and violence and all the other things that are bad for life and for humanity. He doesn't want us to choose those. But he respects our freedom so much that he will let us choose it. He wants us to repent and change direction, which is what 'repent' really means, and choose the path of life.

**FIP:** How do you make your voice heard?

**Bob:** Well, for me it has to be telling people what I believe. Family and friends, for instance. Last Christmas I sent a letter to all of them which was almost exclusively on the nuclear issue. Of course, being here at the Coalition, I'm in somewhat of a privileged position. I get a lot of requests to speak, to preach sermons, that sort of thing. We have to work through the existing networks, whether it's the Y.W.C.A., which has now come out for the nuclear freeze, or the Lion's Club or your church.

Here in Princeton I can't remember how many organizations are listed in the Yellow Pages. But it's phenomenal. This community is over-organized in my opinion. But each organization is a potential handle for raising the question. I don't think any of them should be considered off-limits, whether it's the Chamber of Commerce or whatever. There's nothing more important to the Chamber of Commerce than that civilization exists so they can keep on running their businesses. This is not a partisan issue. We've got pretty good bi-partisan support, especially for the nuclear freeze.

I feel strongly that this whole separation between religion and politics is absolutely artificial. There's no ground for it scripturally. The founding event of the Hebrew nation, when Moses led the people out of Egypt, was a very political situation. God Himself acted in a very political way against oppression. In a decisive way, He intervened in history to liberate people. In doing this, I think God revealed something fundamental about Himself — and now what He wants to liberate us from is this terrible threat of nuclear war, which is a far more awesome enemy in a lot of ways than Pharoah ever could have been.

**FIP:** Should people who are reading this interview get involved with a local anti-nuclear or peace group?

**Bob:** You should not let yourself be isolated. This is along the lines of what we said about being political. Part of being as wise as a serpent is to recognize that you and I, as isolated individuals, can have virtually very little if any impact — that if we're going to have effect, we must act in coordination as an entity. That's why it's important to link up with one of the groups that are emerging all over the country. In Princeton, the Coalition is the major group, but there are several others, and I don't care which one people get involved with. The Fellowship of Reconciliation, which is pacifist, has a local chapter. There's also a chapter of Mobilization for Survival and a chapter of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. All across the board now in this country there are in almost every community at least a small cell of people. We invite people to participate in whatever way seems best for them. For some, that will mean only financial support, but that is important, too.

We need people to participate on our committees. We have six functioning committees — one on political action, which is working on the freeze, one on disarmament and peace-education, which has taken us into the high schools, others on lifestyle and finance and Conference '82.

It's essential that anyone who feels a concern about this issue get involved in an ongoing way with an organization. If you don't, you'll fall by the wayside. One of our greatest enemies now is cynicism and apathy. They are in many ways the greatest evil that we are trying to overcome.

•

*"Can you forgive those who have*
*hurt you?*
*Can you be free?*
*That is what I yearn for you.*
*For God is free.*
*Both the Everything and the*
*Nothing.*
*And that is how we must be*
*if we are to be It All."*

*From SADHANA IN OUR DAILY LIVES*

## LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I feel very delighted to see your review so nicely improved and becoming more and more interesting. The *Report On Holistic Health* was wonderful, and I am asking many of my friends to read it. I feel happy whenever F.I.P. arrives here.

I forgot to tell you also about the review of Christopher Isherwood's book, which was done wonderfully well.

Though I am far away, I appreciate your work and pray to the Lord that the work continues doing good to more and more people. With all my love and greetings,

— SWAMI R. (*France*)

Dear Sirs:

Who are you people? I wish I knew more about you. Do you have meetings or discussion or prayer groups or worship services?

Keep up the good work! Yours is one of the few spiritually-oriented magazines that makes sense. That, to me, is the greatest compliment I can give. When someone asks me why I am on a journey toward God, I say it is because God's way — as manifested in Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, and others — makes sense in this crazy, senseless world.

— K.D. (*Jeffersonville, N.Y.*)

Dear Sir:

Your publication has been a great help to me. I intend to pass it around to the hundred or so members of our prayer group. May the Lord continue to bless this much-needed and Spirit-filled work!

— SISTER C.F. (*Providence Convent, Ind.*)

Dear Sir:

It is one of the best and most meaningful pieces of this type of journal I have encountered in many a day. Having over twenty-three years in the Episcopal priesthood, I am amazed not to have come into contact with Fellowship in Prayer before.

— THE REV. FR. J.L. (*Teaneck, N.J.*)

Dear Sir:

It would be quite impossible to express my deep appreciation for Fellowship in Prayer during the past two years. It is the finest material that comes to my desk.

— D.Q. (*Northport, N.Y.*)

P.S. I was deeply moved, incidentally, by the December issue. When you wrote, "Glancing up from my typewriter, I see Saint Therese. . ." and there

followed sixteen names of persons through whom the Light has shown, something within me awakened with a joyous cry, "Of course! The Light is the same!" Yogananda and Thomas Merton have given me much enrichment over the years. My daughter and son-in-law were among those who experienced the Initiation with the Dalai Lama last summer in Wisconsin.

It is so good to have the *monthly* issues. Please accept my sincere appreciation for this splendid publication.

Dear Sir:

Here I am again, astounded, touched, and deeply grateful for the magazine. How do you do it? It is exquisite, so very right on target!

— D.D. (*Princeton, N.J.*)

P.S. Who is Salmon Ryder? And where?

Dear Sir:

I can hardly wait to get deeply into Francis Merchant's *Arcane Stories*. It is a continuing experience of being "surprised by joy" to see what you are doing — and *being* — for Fellowship in Prayer. I believe you are providing the bridge between the traditional and the "new" (to many of us.) Both are beautifully orchestrated in the material you are presenting.

— E.C. (*Burlington, N.C.*)

Dear Sir:

I want to congratulate you on John Glaus's articles on Fenelon, William Blake, and Pascal. Among the enchanting novelties and splendors of Eastern spirituality, we need to be reminded of some of the marvels of our own tradition in the West.

— K.A. *(Philadelphia, PA.)*

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Fellowship in Prayer
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## MEDITATION

WHEN we cooly examine the opinions of men, we are surprised to find, that in those which they regard as the most essential, nothing is more uncommon than the use of common sense; or, in other words, a degree of judgment sufficient to discover the most simple truths, to reject the most striking absurdities, and to be shocked with palpable contradictions. We have an example of it in theology, a science revered in all times and countries, by the greatest number of men; an object they regard as the most important, the most useful, and the most indispensable to the happiness of societies. Indeed, with little examination of the principles, upon which this pretended science is founded, we are forced to acknowledge, that these principles, judged incontestable, are only hazardous suppositions, imagined by ignorance, propagated by enthusiasm or knavery, adopted by timid credulity, preserved by custom, which never reasons, and revered solely because not understood. *Some*, says Montaigne, *make the world think, that they believe what they do not; others, in greater number, make themselves think, that they believe what they do not, not knowing what belief is.*

Crushed under the double yoke of spiritual and temporal power, it was impossible for the people to know and pursue their happiness. As religion, politics, and morality became sanctuaries, into which the ungodly were not permitted to enter, men had no other morality, than what their legislators and priests brought down from the unknown regions of the Empyrean.

To learn the true principles of morality, men have no need of theology, of revelation, or gods. They have need only of reason. They have only to enter into themselves, to reflect upon their own nature, consult their sensible interests, consider the object of society, and of the individuals, who compose it; and they will easily perceive, that virtue is the interest, and vice the unhappiness of beings of their kind. Let us persuade men to be just, beneficent, moderate, sociable; not because the gods demand it, but because they must please men. Let us advise them to abstain from vice and crimes; not because they will be punished in the other world, but because they will suffer for it in this. — *There are*, says a great man, *means to prevent crimes — these are punishments; there are those to reform manners — these are good examples.*

Truth is simple; error is complex, uncertain in its progress, and full of windings. The voice of nature is intelligible; that of falsehood is ambiguous, enigmatical, mysterious; the way of truth is straight; that of imposture is crooked and dark. Truth, forever necessary to man, must necessarily be felt by all upright minds; the lessons of reason are formed to be followed by all honest men. Men are unhappy only because they are ignorant; they are ignorant only because everything conspires to prevent their being enlightened; they are so wicked only because their reason is not yet sufficiently unfolded.

— D'Holbach: Common Sense

The opinions expressed in this issue are the authors' and not necessarily those of the editors or of Fellowship in Prayer.

# Suggested BOOKS

Following are some of the books which have been used in the preparation of this issue:

**THE BACHS,** by Percy M. Young. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. New York, 1970.

**DEATH: The Final Stage of Growth,** by Elisabeth Kubler-Ross. Prentice-Hall Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1975.

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# Reborn

by ELIZABETH IRWIN LOGAN

I will slay the ego.
This bitter bravery
of self-love is dead.
The great-I-am is no more.
The cord is cut, freedom won.
My mirrors have melted into windows.

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